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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

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No. 5

THE FOOT-PATH TO PEACE.

To be glad of life because it gives you the chance to love and to work and to play and to look up at the stars; to be satisfied with your possessions but not contented with yourself until you have made the best of them; to despise nothing in the world except falsehood and meanness; and to fear nothing except cowardice; to be governed by your admirations rather than by your disgusts; to covet nothing that is your neighbor's except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manners; to think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends, and every day of Christ; and to spend as much time as you can, with body and with spirit, in God's out-of-doors; these are little guide-posts on the foot-path to peace.

—Henry van Dyke.

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No 5

Canada's Mountain Parks

By Frank Yeigh

Canada's system of Great Mountain Parks and Forest Reserves constitutes a national asset of incomputable value. Few Canadians, however, are familiar with its character and extent. There are seven great national parks and twenty-six forest reserves in the Dominion, the whole comprising a region "unparalleled for majestic mountain ranges, immense ice caps and glaciers, falls and cascades." So says Mr. Frank Yeigh, the well-known writer and lecturer on Canadian Travel topics, who deals extensively with our Mountain Parks in the accompanying article.

EVEN as Canada's mountain region is a heritage of hills such as few countries possess, so her vast mountain parks, among the largest in the world, are a national asset of incomputable value.

The recent setting apart of the Rocky Mountains Forest Reserve calls renewed attention to the series of national parks and forest reserves formed, with commendable wisdom and foresight, by the Canadian Government, in the mountain districts of Alberta and British Columbia. During the session of the Dominion Parliament of 1911, a new Forest Reserves and Parks Act was passed, covering no less than twenty-four parks and reserves, with an area of 16,760,640 acres, or nearly thirty thousand square miles—an extent of country more than equal to the province of New Brunswick.

These hold within their far-flung boundaries some of the world's grandest scen-

ery, while conserving the sources of the great rivers that, finding their birth among the snow deposits of the continental watershed, course through Alberta and Saskatchewan. Life-giving streams they are, making habitable and productive the rich alluvial leagues of the prairie and carrying in their sweep of waters untold wealth for unmeasured years.

SEVEN NATIONAL PARKS.

Of the national parks, as distinct from forest reserves, there are seven, namely: the Rocky Mountains Park, (Banff), with 1,800 square miles; the Yoho National Park, of 560 square miles; Glacier Park, 468 square miles; Jasper Park, 1,000 square miles; Elk Island Park, 16 square miles; the Buffalo Park, 101,760 acres; and Waterton Lakes Park, 13½ square miles. In addition, there are twenty-six Dominion Forest Reserves, number-



"We can't hide our trail, and they'll follow it like sheep."

Fig. 2. "Snake Hollow." See page 402

Drawn by H. T. Dawson.

ing six in Manitoba, four in Saskatchewan, six in Alberta and ten in British Columbia.

Reserves and Parks combined constitute a region probably unparalleled for majestic mountain ranges, immense ice caps and glaciers, falls and cascades, from the noble Takkakaw, with its leap of 1,460 feet, to a multitude of smaller falls no less beautiful; white crested rivers rushing through canyon depths, forests of limitless extent, alpine meadows carpeted with a wealth of wild flower and plant life, and a wild life in bear and deer, in mountain lion, sheep and goat, in marmot and porcupine and many another four-footed denizen of the unpopulated spaces. Within these magnificent areas is to be found a vast playground, where, during the seasons, ideal climatic conditions exist, and where nature is revealed in all her variant moods of storm and clear sky, of shower and rainbow spanning lofty peaks, of sunrise and sunset that flood the scene with a glow of glory.

THE NEW RESERVES ACT.

The Forest Reserves and Parks Act of the Parliamentary Session of 1911, views all the park reservations as forest reserves, under restrictions as to surface occupation and regulations and as to the protection of

streams and timber. The Act in question differs from former legislation in that any portion of the area included in the forest reserves may be placed under the additional restrictions or provisions which would enable any particular area to be used as a park or pleasure resort. It further contains an advanced policy regarding utilization of timber for the use of settlers, and the reforestation or continued forestation of the land, or, in the words of the then Minister of the Interior, "The economic utilization of the timber which is useful for commercial purposes, and the reproduction of timber so that there will be a continuous supply." The new regulations further safeguard park and reserve for their use, in perpetuity, of the people for purposes of recreation, with no further places of business than what may be necessary. All forest reserves, in addition, under the new Act, may be constituted game preserves—no homesteading will be permitted, and no private ownership or alienation of surface rights will be allowed.

This great sixteen-million acre sweep of country contains, moreover, natural resources of minerals and timber of a value undreamed of. Waterpower sites alone exist by the score if not by the hundreds, and on the foothills are immense stretches of grazing lands. Every Canadian will re-



In the Heart of the Rocky Mountain National Park

joice that such a wide stretch of country is safe for all time in this our Switzerland from alienation by private ownership and the hope that even greater areas will, in the near future, be brought under similar government control.

The Rocky Mountains Forest Reserve is the official name of the recent reservation. The setting apart of this three million acre area, complete, along with previous reservations, the withdrawal from settlement or exploitation of practically the entire eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, from the United States boundary to a point two hundred miles west of Edmonton; or an area of 350 miles long and from ten to fifty miles in width—one of the largest, if not the largest, mountain park area in the world.

The reserving of such an expanse of territory is specially important because it is in part a timbered area lying alongside of a prairie country hundreds of miles in extent which is almost devoid of trees. The forest, consisting of pine, spruce, fir and other species, clothes the mountains to a height of 8,000 or 7,000 feet. A large part of this watershed has suffered severely by fire in the past, but in most places the natural reproduction is abundant, and proper protection in the future from fire will go far towards re-establishing the forests.

IMPORTANCE OF CONSERVATION.

The Conservation Commission of Canada has been quick to recognize the necessity and importance of this governmental policy. As its chairman, Hon. Clifford Sifton, says, "I need not point out the necessities of the great Provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan in this matter. The rivers that water these provinces take their rise in the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. If the forest is absolutely removed from these slopes—as it will be in a very short time (less than a generation if not protected)—it goes without saying we will have nothing but destructive floods in the spring and practically no water at all in the summer. The continued production of the great Provinces of Manitoba, Alberta and Saskatchewan depends absolutely, in my judgment, upon the preservation of these forests. And that can only be done by making the whole eastern slope a permanent reservation, as has hitherto been done."

The ranges that form the eastern boundary of our mountain land are strikingly beautiful as viewed from the prairie. Half a hundred miles away, their serrated summits stand out in striking relief against the farther sky. The cliff-enclosed valleys in-



A scene in Jasper Park, Yellowstone Park



A Scene in the Conger Caves, Banff National Park

vite exploration as the heights lure the mountain climber to this marvellous sea of hills.

THE BANFF RESERVATION.

The world now knows of Banff and its National Park Reservation, its official title of "The Rocky Mountains Park" being less well known. The visitors during a single season approximate a hundred thousand, hailing from every continent and country. Banff has, indeed, become a recognized stopping place on the world-encircling travel route, and the retundas of its hotels are the rendezvous of a cosmopolitan throng of sight-seers and globe-trotters.

Nor will Banff disappoint the pilgrim. The entrance into its heart of beauty, through the rocky ramparts of the Kananaskis Pass, is dramatic in the extreme, made doubly so by the transition from the journey across the plains of three great provinces.

Nature kindly provided the valley of the Bow River as a right-of-way into and through the Park, within whose bounds are found scores of ranges and half a hundred noble peaks in the Three Sisters and

Cascade, in Ruessle and Edith, and many another, with a glimpse to the south of the Matterhorn pinnacle of Mount Asiniboine, "a kingly spirit throned among the hills."

The Banff Park contains almost every type of mountain scenery—the matchless lakes among the clouds—Louise, Mirror and Agnes—high above Laggan, with their sheltering giants of the Cordillerean range. Roads and trails and waterways admit of extended exploration. An excellent highway now connects Banff with Calgary on the east, providing a path for the ubiquitous motor car. A new road is being built from Banff to Laggan, 85 miles, and a branch road is contemplated from Castle Mountain, westward to Vermilion Pass, which will connect with one constructed by the British Columbia Government from the Columbia Valley to the British Columbia boundary line. It is intended that a road will eventually be opened to the Pacific coast, constituting a motor route of outstanding extent and interest.

Other trails lead to winsome Lake Louise and the wonder valleys of Paradise and the Ten Peaks. Of all the delightful pos-

sibilities of the Park, none excel the sheer joy of "hitting the trail" with a sturdy little Albertan broncho as a mount and good company as a fill-up to comradeship and human intercourse.

Near the village of Banff the animal life of the mountains may be studied at close hand. Nearly a hundred specimens are within the wire-fenced run. Splendid buffalo and deer, goats and sheep and antelope roam at large in the enclosure, emphasizing the fact that all the national parks are becoming game preserves. The Banff enclosure has the only full-grown Rocky Mountain sheep in captivity. Wild animal life is now more frequently seen near Banff. The apparently inaccessible cliffs are still the haunt of the Rocky Mountain sheep and goat while Bruin, brown and shaggy, lives an undisturbed life amid the sheltering hills, and an occasional swift-footed antelope wanders at will over pass and pasture.

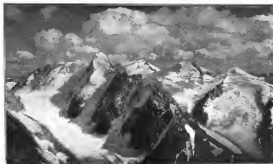
The Government Museum at Banff—the "Little University in the Hills"—as it has been characterized, contains an interesting collection of specimens of big game and lesser mammals, and of fish and game life, while the herbarium suggests the botanical and geological riches of the land, and the aviary adds to the manifold attractions of the little capital city of the

Park. When winter sports are more fully developed, as is gradually being done, Banff will be more than ever an all-the-year around centre of attraction.

The rustic home of the Alpine Club of Canada, occupying an elevated site on the slope of Sulphur Mountain, suggests the excellent work of that new but thriving organization. Annual summer camps are held within the Banff and other parks, when hundreds of nature lovers spend a few delectable days among the hills, many of whom indulge in that king of sports, mountain climbing, and drink in something of the grandeur and beauty of a land of glacier-sheathed mountains, of mirroring lakes and deep-hearted woods—a land where caddisflies and heather, forget-me-nots and wood anemones, blue-bells and ferns convert the valleys into flower gardens, making it a world in which it is good to live.

THE Yoho Park Reserve.

Adjoining the Banff Park reservation on the west is the Yoho Park Reserve, of 825 square miles, another remarkable alpine tract, including the Yoho Valley and the towering ranges of the continental water-catch. Carriage roads have been built from Field into the Valley, and pictur-



A World of White Horse Peaks in the Banff National Park.

aque trails make possible the exploration of one of the most attractive regions in the West. Falls abound, ranging from the lofty Takakaw, whose leap of nearly fifteen hundred feet makes it one of the wonders of the continent, and the Laughing and Twin Falls, to wild little unnamed cataracts, rushing tumultuously to join the waters of the Yoho river. Alpine meadows nestle under the lee of towering rock walls and beside the winding trails, and everywhere superb views are obtainable of the mighty rim of mountains. At one point on the upper trail the entire fifteen miles of the Yoho canyon is suddenly revealed at a glimpse, with its perpendicular rock walls dropping a sheer thousand feet, and along the bed of the valley a shining streak of silver denotes the circuitous course of the Yoho River flowing toward the Kicking Horse Canyon and River. To traverse the tree-lined avenue to Emerald Lake, to climb the steep ascent to Emerald Glacier and Summit Lake, to follow the meanderings of the Upper Trail to the head of the Valley and the Wapta Glacier, to camp by the Yoho and within sound of the Laughing Falls, to feast eye and mind and spirit on the surrounding panorama, is to fill the hours so full of satisfaction as to ensure

the sweetest of memories for all the other hours of a mortal span of life.

IN GLACIER PARK.

Journeying still further westward the transition from the Rockies to the Selkirk brings the traveler to Glacier Park, where Mount Sir Donald reigns as the Alpine monarch and where the Illecillewaet and Asulkan Glaciers represent what is left of the great ice caps of a past age. Here, again, trails have been cut in every direction. One of the recently made ones involves a journey of fifteen miles to the Cougar Caves and Rogers Pass. This pony route to the caverns is one of constant surprises. Vision after vision of near and distant peaks hold the eye in thrall as the ascent is made, and as Mount Sir Donald seems to tower higher and higher, making pygmies of the buttressing foothills.

In one direction the fifty-mile course of the Illecillewaet Valley comes within view, tiny puffs of steam and smoke revealing trains that are curiously toy-like in perspective. No less beautiful is the Cougar Valley, guarded by the four-peaked Cougar Mountain, opposite which is the cave world, with its weird rock caverns eaten out by water erosion during inconceivable centuries. To plunge from a



Butte Park at Watrous, Alberta.



Mount Steele, Rocky Mountains National Park, Banff.

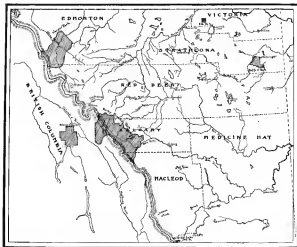
world of sunlight, and a realm of the magnificent in nature into subterranean darkness is in itself a sensational change of scene, while the roar—now distant—now near—of the imprisoned waters, leaping in successive Niagaras to lower levels, makes doubly awesome the journey down the steepest of ladders and over log bridges to Infernos and Chambers many. Strange limestone walls thrust themselves forward as if scenes in a theatre, their faces bearing curious carvings in which inanimate nature indicates the world of nature in growth. Lofty ceilings, only dimly shown by the flickering lamps, leap into more substantial form with the burning of magnesium wires, the rock crystals throwing back a glittering response. Hours may be spent in following the erratic course of the hidden torrent through chambers of blackness, and when emergence is finally made into the arena of the sunlit world, one welcomes and appreciates snow sun and sky and grass-carpeted earth. And when the trail route is followed to Bear River and over the Hermit Range, when massive Cheops is encircled and Sir Donald again sweeps into line of

vision, the wonders of Glacier Park are re-impressed on the mind.

The Waterton Lakes Park Reserve in the Kootenay Lake country of Southern British Columbia, while one of the smallest reserves in area, including only fifty-four square miles, is yet one of the most charming sections of Canadian mountain country. Nothing more beautiful in lake and mountain scenery can be imagined, and a sail over the blue water of the chain of Kootenay lakes is reminiscent of the English Lake district or the west coast of Scotland, excepting that the nature framing of the Canadian picture is on a more colossal scale. Busy mining towns and rich working mines dot the banks of the lakes and line the radiating valleys. Bench lands have been converted into fruit farms and ranches, and on every hand are evidences of prosperity amid scenes of sylvan beauty of lake and awe-inspiring hills.

BEAUTIFUL JASPER PARK RESERVE.

If all reports be true, and the adjectives do not call for discounts, Jasper Park Reserve—another of Canada's newest moun-



The accompanying map shows roughly the location of some of the great mountain parks in the West. These parks are already settled and established. Surrounding some of them are extensive reserves which have not yet been opened up.

tain playgrounds of 5,000 square miles—is an almost entirely unexplored territory, and a region of unrivaled alpine scenery which the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway will soon make accessible. Through the heart of the park runs the Athabasca River, enclosed on either side by stately peaks, whose snow-sheeted summits make a never-to-be-forgotten nature canvas. The prairie stretches bordering the mighty stream constitute a picturesque valley that adds a note of variety to the wonderful landscape.

The towering hills of Jasper Park rise above the watershed of a continent wherein are the headwaters of five great rivers: the Saskatchewan, the Athabasca, the Thompson, the Columbia and the Fraser—two flowing eastward and irrigating the great plains; three chiselling their course westward until, overcoming nature's great-

est obstacles, they lose their life in the Pacific. Around one on every hand are the giant ice caps that feed the countless of streams and their innumerable glacial tributaries; above one rise the titanic rock masses of mountains, while near at hand, blue-watered tarns and white-sprayed cascades, alplands alive with flowers and valleys that call to their recesses, make Jasper Park a wonderland of wild beauty, having near its western boundary Canada's highest peak in Mount Robson, 13,709 feet high, and, as a near neighbor, Mount Alberta, 13,500 feet high. "It is my belief," says the Commissioner of Dominion Parks of Canada, "that Jasper Park will eventually outstrip all others in the Dominion in importance, and when the natural resources are looked into and developed it will become a source of perpetual revenue to the country." During the summer of 1911 a

topographical survey party, under Mr. Arthur O. Wheeler, F.R.G.S., was at work mapping out more fully this new park in the hills.

This vast and unsubdued alpine world of the north, hitherto remote as it has been, has yet an atmosphere of history and legend created by red man and half-breed, by voyageur and coureur du bois, by fur trader and factor, and more recently by the lonely prospector and explorer. Within its spacious boundaries has been epitomized the evolution of the great loneliness of gentile and mountain such as marks other regions of Alberta and British Columbia.

On the banks of the Athabasca are the ruins of Jasper House and Henry House, old trading posts of the Hudson's Bay and North-west Trading Companies in the days when a relentless mercantile war existed between the two. Little did old Jasper House, the Hudson's Bay trader of 1800, dream that he should be immortalized a century after by having the region in which he had his headquarters named after him, or that a transcontinental railway would lay its tracks of steel where only tracks of mountain peaks or wild game had been seen. And as little did William Henry, the North-west Fur Company man of a hundred years ago, when he chose his charming site for a trad-

ing station at the headquarters of the Athabasca, forecast that his own company was doomed to disappear or that the trail to his log cabin would be a route for the prospector and the railway engineer, as the advance guard of a stream of travel soon to flow through the Pass of the Yellowhead.

Hard by the deserted cabins are the farms of a few plucky pioneers who, undeterred by the isolation and loneliness, have successfully engaged in agriculture where crop failures are unknown, thanks to the mild climate made by the chinook winds. But as all these parks are reserved from settlement, these squatters have, with one exception, been compensated, and have taken up land outside the park.



In the Yoho Valley, Yoho Mountain Pass.

Patches of mature green timber mark the valley, but they are only remnants of the once great forest that existed. With the future protection and natural reproduction of the pine and spruce, reforestation may in a measure repair the damage of the fierce fires of former days, the last occurring at the time of the Yukon rush.

Nature has further provided Jasper Park with extensive hot springs on Fiddle Creek, the waters carrying a distinctly sulphurous odor and taste, and reaching a temperature of 127 degrees. To reach the springs at present involves a hard day's travel over muskeg and windfalls, and the beauty of the scenery along the valley of the creek, under overhanging cliffs and beneath snow-covered mountains, make ample amends for the difficulties of reaching it.

A patrol of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, as well as four Dominion game wardens, have been established in the park, to provide for the protection of life and property and of the game, especially mountain sheep and goat, which were threatened by unlawful killing.

AN UNIQUE BUFFALO PARK.

A governmental reservation, unique in area and purpose, is Buffalo Park, located near the Grand Trunk Pacific divisional point of Wainwright, 120 miles east of Edmonton. This stretch of typical rolling prairie country is the home of Canada's great buffalo herd of one thousand, comprising practically all of the bison left in a part of the continent where they once roamed in herds of thousands. 110,000

acres has been enclosed by a fourteen-strand wire fence, no less than seventy-three miles in length, sufficiently high to safely hold the big animals. This fine, new prairie park is dotted by many lakes that give it a park-like appearance. As in former days, so now it is an ideal grazing ground for buffalo in a wild state, and where the conditions are favorable to their speedy natural increase. The action of the Dominion Government in securing the famous Peble herd of Montana, and thus saving the animal from extinction, is a highly commendable one, with the result that Canada now possesses the last great herd of these lordly beasts. The interesting fact has been noted that game near Buffalo Park, when disturbed, will fly over the wire fence and settle in the park for protection.

ELK ISLAND PARK.

One of the comparatively little reservations is the Elk Island Park, of 16 square miles, located at Lamont, in the Beaver Hills, some forty miles east of Edmonton. It was originally acquired by the Alberta Provincial Government as a forest and game preserve. Under the present policy of the Commissioner of Dominion Parks, a small number of buffalo are kept as a nucleus of another herd, with a considerable number of elk and deer.

One may repeat the hope that the new Government will continue and extend the policy of its predecessor in the matter of National Mountain Parks and forest reservations. It will prove an investment that will yield through the coming years rich dividends and the best of results.

THE PAGEANT

Joy but a day ago ceased utterance,

And from the barren hall we went in gloom:

Yet, lo, in one brief night starts Hope to bloom,
Tip-toe upon the tomb of circumstance!

—Philip Becker Ghosts in February *Ainslee's*.

Smoke Bellew

By Jack London

The Stampede to Squaw Creek

TALE THREE.*

I.

Two months after Smoke Bellew and Shorty went after moose for a grubstake, they were back in the Elkborn alone at Dawson. The hunting was done, the meat hauled in and sold for two dollars and a half a pound, and between them they possessed three thousand dollars in gold dust and a good team of dogs. They had played in luck. Despite the fact that the gold rush had driven the game a hundred miles or more into the mountains, they had within half that distance bagged four moose in a narrow canyon.

The mystery of the strayed animals was no greater than the luck of their killers, for within the day four famished Indian families, reporting no game in three days' journey back, camped beside them. Meat was traded for starving dogs, and after a week of feeding Smoke and Shorty harnessed the animals and began freighting the meat to the eager Dawson market.

The problem of the two men now was to turn their gold-dust into food. The current price for flour and beans was a dollar and a half a pound, but the difficulty was to find a seller. Dawson was in the throes of famine. Hundreds of men, with money but no food, had been compelled to leave the country. Many had gone down the river on the last water, and many more with barely

enough to last, had walked the six hundred miles over the ice to Dyea.

Smoke met Shorty in the warm saloon, and found the latter jubilant.

"Life ain't no punkins without whiskey an' sweetenin'," was Shorty's greeting as he pulled lumps of ice from his thawing moustache and flung them rattling on the floor. "An' I sure just got eighteen pounds of that same sweetin'." The gezer only charged three dollars a pound for it. What luck did you have?

"I, too, have not been idle," Smoke answered with pride. "I bought fifty pounds of flour. And there's a man up on Adam Creek says he'll let me have fifty pounds more to-morrow."

"Great! We'll sure live till the river opens. Say, Smoke, them dogs of ours is the goods. A dog-buyer offered me two hundred apiece for the five of them. I told him nothin' doin'." They sure took on class when they got meat to get outside of; but it goes against the grain, feedin' dog-critters on grub that's worth two and half a pound. Come on an' have a drink. I just got to celebrate them eighteen pounds of sweetenin'."

Several minutes later, as he weighed in on the gold-scales for the drinks, he gave a start of recollection.

"I plum forgot that man I was to meet in the Tivoli. He's got some spoiled bacon he'll sell for a dollar an' a half a pound.

*Tale IV: "Shorty Decease" will appear in April.

We can feed it to the dogs an' save a dollar a day on each's board bill. So long."

"So long," said Smoke. "I'm goin' to the robin an' turn in."

Hardly had Shorty left the place, when a fur-clad man entered through the double storm-doors. His face lighted at sight of Smoke, who recognized him as Breck, the man whose boat he had run through the Box Canyon and White Horse Rapids.

"I heard you were in town," Breck said hurriedly, as they shook hands. "Been looking for you for half an hour. Come outside, I want to talk with you."

Smoke looked regretfully at the roaring, red-hot stove.

"Won't this do?"

"No; it's important. Come outside."

As they emerged, Smoke drew off one mitten, lighted a match, and glanced at the thermometer that hung beside the door. He remitted his naked hand hastily, as if the frost had burnt him. Overhead arched the flaming aurora borealis, while from all Dawson arose the mournful howling of thousands of wolf-dogs.

"What did it say?" Breck asked.

"Sixty below," Kit spat experimentally, and the spittle crackled in the air. "And the thermometer is certainly working. It's falling all the time. An hour ago it was only fifty-two. Don't tell me it's a stampede."

"It is," Breck whispered back cautiously, casting anxious eyes about in fear of some other listener. "You know Squaw Creek—empties in on the other side the Yukon thirty miles up."

"Nothing doing there," was Smoke's judgment. "It was prospected years ago."

"So were all the other rich creeks. Listen: It's big. Only eight to twenty feet to bedrock. There won't be a claim that don't run to half a million. It's a dead secret. Two or three of my close friends let me in on it. I told my wife right away that I was going to find you before I started. Now so long. My pack's hidden down the bank. In fact, when they told me they made me promise not to pull out until Dawson was asleep. You know what it means if you're seen with a stampeding outfit. Get your partner and follow. You ought to stake fourth or fifth claim from Discovery. Don't forget—

Squaw Creek. It's the third after you pass Swede Creek."

II.

When Smoke entered the little cabin on the hillside back of Dawson, he heard a heavy familiar breathing.

"Aw, go to bed," Shorty mumbled, as Smoke shook his shoulder. "I'm not on the night shift," was his next remark, as the rousing hand became more vigorous. "Tell your troubles to the bed-keeper."

"Kick into your clothes," Smoke said. "We've got to stake a couple of claims."

Shorty sat up and started to explode, but Smoke's hand covered his mouth.

"Shh!" Smoke warned. "It's a big strike. Don't wake the neighborhood. Dawson's asleep."

"Huh! You got to show me. Nobody tells anybody about a strike, of course not. But ain't it plum amazin' the way everybody hits the trail just the same?"

"Squaw Creek," Smoke whispered. "It's right. Breck gave me the tip. Shallow bedrock. Gold from the grass-roots down. Come on. We'll sling a couple of light packs together and pull out."

Shorty's eyes closed as he layed back into sleep. The next moment his blankets were swept off of him.

"If you don't want them, I do," Smoke explained.

Shorty followed the blankets and began to dress.

"Goin' to take the dogs?" he asked.

"No. The trail up the creek is sure to be unbroken, and we can make better time without them."

"Then I'll throw 'em a meal, which 'll have to last 'em till we get back. Be sure you take some hirc-bark and a candle."

Shorty opened the door, felt the bite of the cold, and shrank back to pull down his ear-flaps and mitten hands.

Five minutes later he returned, sharply rubbing his nose.

"Smoke, I'm sure opposed to makin' this stampede. It's colder than the hinges of hell a thousand years before the first fire was lighted. Besides, it's Friday the thirteenth, an' we're goin' to trouble as the sparks fly upward!"

With small stampeding packs on their backs, they closed the door behind them and started down the hill. The display

of the aurora borealis had ceased, and only the stars leaped in the great cold, and by their uncertain light made traps for the feet. Shorty floundered off a turn of the trail into deep snow, and raised his voice in blessing of the date of the week and month and year.

"Can't you keep still!" Smoke chided. "Leave the almanac alone. You'll have all Dawson awake and after us."

"Huh! See the light in that cabin? And in that one over there? An' hear that door slam? Oh, sure Dawson's asleep. Them lights? Just buryin' their dead. They ain't stampedin', betcher life they ain't."

By the time they reached the foot of the hill and were fairly in Dawson, lights were springing up in the cabins, doors were slamming, and from behind came the sound of many moccasins on the hard-packed snow. Again Shorty delivered himself.

"But it beats hell the amount of mourners there is."

They passed a man who stood by the path and was calling anxiously in a low voice: "Oh, Charley; get a move on."

"See that pack on his back, Smoke? The graveyard's sure a long ways off when the mourners got to peek their blankets."

By the time they reached the main street a hundred men were in line behind them, and while they sought in the deceptive starlight for the trail that dipped down the bank to the river, more men could be heard arriving. Shorty slipped and shot down the thirty-foot chute into the soft snow. Smoke followed, knocking him over as he was rising to his feet.

"I found it first," he gurgled, taking off his mittens to shake the snow out of the gauntlets.

The next moment they were scrambling wildly out of the way of the hurrying bodies of those that followed. At the time of the freeze-up, a jam had occurred at this point, and cakes of ice were up-ended in snow-covered confusion. After several hard falls, Smoke drew out his candle and lighted it. Those in the rear hailed it with acclaim. In the windows air it burned easily, and he led the way more quickly.

"It's a sure stampede," Shorty decided. "Or might all them be sleepwalkers?"

"We're at the head of the procession at any rate," was Smoke's answer.

"Oh, I don't know. Maybe that's a firefly ahead there. Maybe they're all fireflies—that one, an' that one. Look at 'em! Believe me, they is whole strings of processions ahead."

It was a mile across the jams to the west bank of the Yukon, and candles flickered the full length of the twisting trail. Behind them, clear to the top of the bank they had descended, were more candles.

"Say, Smoke, this ain't no stampede. It's a crook-up. They must be a thousand men ahead of us an' ten thousand behind. Now you listen to your uncle. My medicine's good. When I get a bunch it's sure right. An' we're in wrong on this stampede. Let's turn back an' hit the sleep."

"You'd better save your breath if you intend to keep up," Smoke retorted gruffly.

"Huh! My legs is short, but I slog along with the knees an' don't worry my muscles none, an' I can sure walk every piker here off the ice."

And Smoke knew he was right, for he had long since learned his comrade's phenomenal walking power.

"I've been holding back to give you a chance," Smoke jeered.

"An' I'm plum treadin' on your heels. If you can't do better, let me go ahead and set pace."

Smoke quickened, and was soon at the rear of the nearest bunch of stampedeers.

"Hike along, you, Smoke," the other urged. "Walk over them unbared dead. This ain't no funeral. Hit the frost like you was goin' somewhere."

Smoke counted eight men and two women in this party, and before the way across the jam-ice was won, he and Shorty had passed another party twenty strong. Within a few feet of the west bank, the trail swerved to the south, emerging from the jam upon smooth ice. The ice, however, was buried under several feet of fine snow. Through this the sled-trail ran, a narrow ribbon of packed footing barely two feet in width. On either side one sank to his knees and deeper in the snow. The stampedeers they overtook were reluctant to give way, and often Smoke and Shorty had to plunge into the deep snow, and by supreme efforts flounder past.

Shorty was irrepressible and pessimistic. When the stampedeers resented being passed, he retorted in kind.

"What's you hurry?" one of them asked.

"What's yours?" he answered. "A stampede came down from Indian River yesterday afternoon an' beat you to it. They ain't no claims left."

"That being so, I repeat, what's your hurry?"

"Who? Me? I ain't no stampeder. I'm workin' for the Government. I'm on official business. I'm just traipsin' along to take the census of Squaw Creek."

To another, who hailed him with: "Where away, little one? Do you really expect to stike a claim?" Shorty answered:

"Me? I'm the discoverer of Squaw Creek. I'm just comin' back from recordin' so as to see no blamed *cheekagoo* jumps my claim."

The average pace of the stampedeers on the smooth going was three miles and a half an hour. Smoke and Shorty were doing four and a half, though sometimes they broke into short runs and went faster.

"I'm going to travel your feet clean off, Shorty," Smoke challenged.

"Huh! I can hike along on the stumps an' wear the heels off your moccasins. Though it ain't no use. I've been figgerin' it. Creek claims is five hundred feet. Call 'em ten to the mile. They's a thousand stampedeers ahead of us, an' that creek ain't no hundred miles long. Somebody's goin' to get left, an' it makes a noise like you an' me."

Before replying, Smoke let out an unexpected link that threw Shorty half a dozen feet in the rear.

"If you saved your breath and kept up, we'd out down a few of that thousand," he chided.

"Who? Me? If you'd get out the way I'd show you a pace what is."

Smoke laughed, and let out another link. The whole aspect of the adventure had changed. Through his brain was running a phrase of the mad philosopher—"the transvaluation of values." In truth, he was less interested in staking a fortune than in beating Shorty. After all, he concluded, it wasn't the reward of the

game, but the playing of it that counted. Mind, and muscle, and stamina, and soul were challenged in a contest with this Shorty, a man who had never opened the books and who did not know grand opera from rag-time, nor an epic from a child-lain.

"Shorty, I've got you skinned to death. I've reconstructed every coll in my body since I hit the beach at Dyas. My flesh is as stringy as whipsnakes, and as bitter and mean as the bite of a rattlesnake. A few months ago I'd have patted myself on the back to write such words, but I couldn't have written them. I had to live them first, and now that I'm living them there's no need to write them. I'm the real, bitter, stinging goods, and no scrub of a mountaineer can put anything over on me without getting it back compound. Now, you go ahead and set pace for half an hour. Do your worst, and when you're all in I'll go ahead and give you half an hour of the real worst."

"Huh!" Shorty sneered genially. "An' him not dry behind the ears yet. Get outa the way an' let your father show you some goin'."

Half-hour by half-hour they alternated in setting pace. Nor did they talk much. Their exertions kept them warm, though their breath froze on their faces from lips to chin. So intense was the cold that they almost continually rubbed their noses and cheeks with their mittens. A few minutes cessation from this allowed the flesh to grow numb, and then most vigorous rubbing was required to produce the burning prickle of returning circulation.

Often they thought they had reached the land, but always they overtook more stampedeers who had started before them. Occasionally groups of men attempted to swing in behind to their pace, but invariably they were discouraged after a mile or two and disappeared in the darkness to the rear.

"We've been out on trail all winter," was Shorty's comment. "An' them geese-ers, soft from layin' around their cabins, has the nerve to think they can keep our stride. Now, if they was real sour-doughs it'd be different. If there's one thing a sour-dough can do it's sure walk."

Once, Smoke lighted a match and glanced at his watch. He never repeated

it, for so quick was the bite of the frost on his bared hands that half an hour passed before they were again comfortable.

"Four o'clock," he said, as he pulled on his mittens, "and we've already passed three hundred."

"Three hundred and thirty-eight," Shorty corrected. "I ben keepin' count. Get out the way, stranger. Let somebody stampede that knows how to stampede."

This latter was addressed to a man, evidently exhausted, who could no more than stumble along and who blocked the trail. This, and one other, were the only played-out men they encountered, for they were very near to the head of the stampede. Nor did they learn till afterward the horrors of that night. Exhausted men sat down to rest by the way and failed to get up again. Seven were frozen to death, while scores of amputations of toes, feet, and fingers were performed in the Dawson hospitals on the survivors. For of all nights for a stampede, the one to Squaw Creek occurred on the coldest night of the year. Before morning the spirit thermometers at Dawson registered seventy degrees below zero. The men competing the stampede, with few exceptions, were newcomers in the country who did not know the way of the cold.

The other played-out man they found a few minutes later, revealed by a streamer of aurora borealis that shot like a searchlight from horizon to zenith. He was sitting on a piece of ice beside the trail.

"Hop along, sister Mary," Shorty greeted him. "Keep movin'. If you at there you'll freeze stiff."

The man made no response, and they stopped to investigate.

"Stiff as a poker," was Shorty's verdict. "If you tumbled him over he'd break."

"See if he's breathin'," Smoke said, as, with bared hand, he sought through furs and woollens for the man's heart.

Shorty lifted one ear-flap and bent to the iced lip.

"Nary breathe," he reported.

"Nor heart-beat," said Smoke.

He mittened his hand and beat it violently for a minute before exposing it to the frost to strike a match. It was an old man, incontestably dead. In the moment of illumination, they saw a long grey beard, matted with ice to the nose,

cheeks that were white with frost, and closed eyes with frost-rimmed lashes frozen together. Then the match went out.

"Come on," Shorty said, rubbing his ear. "We can't do nothin' for the old geese-er. An' I've sure frosted my ear. Now all the blessed skin I'll peel off and it'll be sore for a week."

A few minutes later, when a flaming ribbon spilled pulsating fire over the heavens, they saw on the ice a quarter of a mile ahead two forms. Beyond, for a mile, nothing moved.

"They're heading the procession," Smoke said, as darkness fell again. "Come on, let's get them."

At the end of half an hour, not yet having overtaken the two in front, Shorty broke into a run.

"If we catch 'em we'll never pass 'em," he panted. "Lord, what a pace they're hittin'. Dollars to doughnuts they're no cheekagoo. They're the real sour-dough variety, you can stick on that."

Smoke was leading when they finally caught up, and he was glad to ease to a walk at their heels. Almost immediately he got the impression that the one nearer him was a woman. How this impression came, he could not tell. Hooded and furred, the dark form was as any form; yet there was a haunting sense of familiarity about it. He waited for the next flame of the aurora, and by its light saw the smallness of the moccasined feet. But he saw more—the walk; and knew it for the unmistakable walk he had once recalled never to forget.

"She's a sure goer," Shorty confided hoarsely. "I'll bet it's an Indian."

"How do you do, Miss Gastell," Smoke addressed.

"How do you do," she answered, with a turn of the head and a quick glance.

"It's too dark to see. Who are you?"

"Smoke."

She laughed in the frost, and he was certain it was the prettiest laughter he had ever heard.

"And have you married and raised all those children you were telling me about?" Before he could retort, she went on: "How many cheekagoo are there behind?"

"Several thousand, I imagine. We passed over three hundred. And they weren't wasting any time."

"It's the old story," she said bitterly. "The new-comers get in on the rich creeks, and the old-timers who dared and suffered and made this country, got nothing. Old-timers made this discovery on Squaw Creek—how it leaked out is the mystery—and they sent word up to all the old-timers on Sea Lion. But it's ten miles farther than Dawson, and when they arrive they'll find the creek staked to the sky-line by the Dawson *cheekpooes*. It isn't right, it isn't fair, such perversity of luck."

"It is too bad," Smoke sympathized. "But I'm hanged if I know what you are going to do about it. First come, first served, you know."

"I wish I could do something," she flashed back at him. "I'd like to see them all freeze on the trail, or have everything terrible happen to them, so long as the Sea Lion stampede arrived first."

"You've certainly got it in for us, hard," he laughed.

"It isn't that," she said quickly. "Man by man, I know the crowd from Sea Lion, and they are men. They starved in this country in the old days, and they worked like giants to keep it. I went through the hard times on the Koyukuk with them, when I was a little girl. And I was with them in the Birch Creek famine, and in the Forty-Mile famine. They are heroes, and they deserve some reward, and yet here are thousands of green softlings, who haven't earned the right to stake anything, miles and miles ahead of them. And now, if you'll forgive my tirade, I'll save my breath, for I don't know when you and all the rest may try to pass dad and me."

No further talk passed between Joy and Smoke for an hour or so, though he noticed that for a time she and her father talked in low tones.

"I know 'n' now," Shorty told Smoke. "He's old Louis Gastell, an' the real goods. That must be his kid. He come into this country so long ago they ain't nobody can recollect, an' he brought the girl with him, she only a baby. Him an' Bettles was trulin' partners, an' they ran the first drunken little steamboat up the Koyukuk."

"I don't think we'll try to pass them," Smoke said. "We're at the head of the stampede, and there are only four of us."

Shorty agreed, and another hour of silence followed, during which they swung steadily along. At seven o'clock, the blackness was broken by a last display of the aurora borealis, which showed to the west a broad opening between snow-clad mountains.

"Squaw Creek?" Joy exclaimed. "Goin' some," Shorty exulted. "We oughtn't to be here for another half hour to the least, accordin' to my reckonin'. I must 'a' ben spreadin' my legs."

It was at this point that the Dyea trail, baffled by ice-jams, swerved sharply across the Yukon to the east bank. And here they must leave the hard-packed, main-traveled trail, mount the jams, and follow a dim trail, but slightly packed, that hovered the west bank.

Louis Gastell, leading, slipped in the darkness on the rough ice, and sat up, holding his ankle in both his hands. He struggled to his feet and went on, but at a slower pace and with a perceptible limp. After a few minutes he abruptly halted.

"It's no use," he said to his daughter. "I've sprained a tendon. You go ahead and stake for me as well as yourself."

"Can't we do something?" Smoke asked. Louis Gastell shook his head.

"She can stake two claims as well as one. I'll crawl over to the bank, start a fire, and bandage my ankle. I'll be all right. Go on, Joy. Stake ours above the discovery claim; it's richer higher up."

"Here's some hircz bark," Smoke said, dividing his supply equally. "We'll take care of your daughter."

Louis Gastell laughed harshly. "Thank you just the same," he said.

"But she can take care of herself. Follow her and watch her."

"Do you mind if I lead?" she asked Smoke, as she headed on. "I know this country better than you."

"Lead on," Smoke answered gallantly, "though I agree with you it's a darn shame all us *cheekpooes* are going to beat that Sea Lion bunch to it. Isn't there some way to shake them?"

She shook her head.

"We can't hide our trail, and they'll follow it like sheep."

After a quarter of a mile, she turned sharply to the west. Smoke noticed that they were going through unpacked snow,

but neither he nor Shorty observed that the dim trail they had been on still led south. Had they witnessed the subsequent procedure of Louis Gastell, the history of the Klondike would have been written differently; for they would have seen that old-timer, no longer limping, running with his nose to the trail like a hound, following them. Also, they would have seen him trample and widen the turn to the fresh trail they had made to the west. And, finally, they would have seen him keep on the old dim trail that still led south.

A trail did run up the creek, but so slight was it that they continually lost it in the darkness. After a quarter of an hour, Joy Gastell was willing to drop into the rear and let the two men take turns in breaking a way through the snow. This slowness of the leaders enabled the whole stampede to catch up, and when daylight came, at nine o'clock, as far back as they could see was an unbroken line of men. Joy's dark eyes sparkled at the sight.

"How long since we started up the creek?" she asked.

"Fully two hours," Smoke answered.

"And two hours back makes four," she laughed. "The stampede from Sea Lion is 'v'ed."

A faint suspicion crossed Smoke's mind, as he stopped and confronted her.

"I don't understand," he said.

"You don't? Then I'll tell you. This is Norway Creek. Squaw Creek is the next to the south."

Smoke was for the moment speechless.

"You did it a purpose?" Shorty demanded.

"I did it to give the old-timers a chance."

She laughed mockingly. The men grinned at each other and finally joined her.

"I'd lay you across my knee an' give you a wallopin', if women folk wasn't so scarce in this country," Shorty assured her.

"Your father didn't sprain a tendon, but waited till we were out of sight and then went on?" Smoke asked.

She nodded.

"And you were the decoy?"

Again she nodded, and this time Smoke's laughter rang out clear and true. It was the spontaneous laughter of a frankly beaten man.

"Why don't you get angry with me?" she queried ruefully. "Or—or wallop me?"

"Well, we might as well be starvin' back," Shorty urged. "My feet's gettin' cold standin' here."

Smoke shook his head.

"That would mean four hours lost. We must be eight miles up this creek now, and from the look ahead Norway is making a long swing south. We'll follow it, then cross over the divide somehow and tap Squaw Creek somewhere above Discovery." He looked at Joy. "Won't you come along with us? I told your father we'd look after you."

"I——" She hesitated. "I think I shall, if you don't mind." She was looking straight at him, and her face was no longer defiant and mocking. "Really, Mr. Smoke, you make me almost sorry for what I have done. But somebody had to save the old-timers."

"It strikes me that stampeding is at best a sporting proposition."

"And it strikes me you two are very game about it," she went on, then added with the shadow of a sigh: "What a pity you are not old-timers."

For two hours more they kept to the frozen creek-bed of Norway, then turned into a narrow and ragged tributary that flowed from the south. At mid-day they began the ascent of the divide itself. Behind them, looking down and back, they could see the long line of stampedeers breaking up. Here and there, in scores of places, thin smoke-columns advertised the making of camps.

As for themselves, the going was hard. They waded through snow to their waists, and were compelled to stop every few yards to breathe. Shorty was the first to call a halt.

"We ben hittin' the trail for over twelve hours," he said. "Smoke, I'm plum willin' to say I'm good an' tired. An' so are you. An' I'm free to thout that I can sure hang on to this here pass like a starvin' Indian to a hunk of bear meat. But this poor girl here can't keep her legs no time if she don't get something in her stomach. Here's where we build a fire. What d'ye say?"

So quickly, so deftly and methodically, did they go about making a temporary

camp, that Joy, watching with jealous eyes, admitted to herself that old-timers could not do it better. Spruce houghs, with a spread blanket on top, gave a foundation for rest and cooking operations. But they kept away from the best of the fire until noses and cheeks had been rubbed crumbly.

Smoke spat in the air, and the resultant crackle was so immediate and loud that he shook his head.

"I give it up," he said. "I've never seen cold like this."

"One winter on the Koyukuk it went to eighty-six below," Joy answered. "It's at least seventy or seventy-five right now, and I know I've frosted my cheeks. They're burning like fire."

On the steep slope of the divide there was no ice, while snow, as fine and hard and crystalline as granulated sugar, was poured into the gold-pan by the bushel until enough water was melted for the coffee. Smoke fried bacon and thawed biscuits, Shorty kept the fuel supplied and tended the fire, and Joy set the simple table composed of two plates, two cups, two spoons, a tin of mixed salt and pepper, and a tin of sugar. When it came to eating, she and Smoke shared one set between them. They ate out of the same plate and drank from the same cup.

It was nearly two in the afternoon when they cleared the crest of the divide and began dropping down a feeder of Squaw Creek. Earlier in the winter some moose hunter had made a trail up the canyon—that is, in going up and down he had stepped always in his previous tracks. As a result, in the midst of soft snow and veiled under later snow falls, was a line of irregular hummocks. If one's foot missed a hummock, he plunged down through unpecked snow and usually to a fall. Also, the moose hunter had been an exceptionally long-legged individual. Joy, who was eager now that the two men should stake, and fearing that they were slackening pace on account of her evident weariness, insisted on taking the lead. The speed and manner in which she negotiated the precarious footing called out Shorty's unqualified approval.

"Look at her!" he cried. "She's the real goods on the red meat. Look at them moccasins swing along. No high heels

there. She uses the legs God gave her. She's the right squaw for any bear-hunter."

She flashed back a smile of acknowledgment that included Smoke. He caught a feeling of chumminess, though at the same time he was bitingly aware that it was very much of a woman who embraced him in that comradely smile.

Looking back, as they came to the bank of Squaw Creek, they could see the stampede strung out irregularly, struggling along the descent of the divide.

They slipped down the bank to the creek bed. The stream, frozen solidly to bottom, was from twenty to thirty feet wide, and ran between six and eight-foot earth banks of alluvial wash. No recent feet had disturbed the snow that lay upon its ice, and they knew they were above the discovery claim and the lost stakes of the Sea Lion stampede.

"Look out for springs," Joy warned, as Smoke led the way down the creek. "At seventy below you'll lose your feet if you break through."

These springs, common to most Klondike streams, never ceased at the lowest temperatures. The water flowed out from the banks and lay in pools, which were cooled from the cold by later surface-freezings and snow falls. Thus, a man, stepping on dry snow, might break through half an inch of ice-skin and find himself up to the knees in water. In five minutes, unless able to remove the wet gear, the loss of one's feet was the penalty.

Though only three in the afternoon, the long gray twilight of the Arctic had settled down. They watched for a blazed tree on either bank, which would show the centre-stake of the last claim located. Joy, impulsively eager, was the first to find it. She darted ahead of Smoke, crying:

"Somebody's been there! I see the snow! Look for the blaze! There it is! See that spruce!"

She sank suddenly to her waist in the snow.

"Now I've done it," she said woefully. Then she cried: "Don't come near me! I'll wade out."

Step by step, each time breaking through the thin skin of ice concealed under the dry snow, she forced her way to solid footing. Smoke did not wait, but

sprang to the bank, where dry and seasoned twigs and sticks, lodged amongst the brush by spring freshets, waited the match. By the time she reached his side the first flames and flickers of an assured fire were rising.

"Sit down!" he commanded. She obediently sat down in the snow. He slipped his pack from his back, and spread a blanket for her feet.

From above came the voices of the stampede who followed them.

"Let Shorty stake," she urged.

"Go on, Shorty," Smoke said, as he attacked her moccasins, already stiff with ice. "Pace off a thousand feet and place the two centre stakes. We can fix the corner stakes afterward."

With his knife, Smoke cut away the laces and leather of the moccasins. So stiff were they with ice that they snapped and crackled under the hacking and sawing. The Siwash socks and heavy woolen stockings were sheaths of ice. It was as if her feet and calves were encased in corrugated iron.

"How are your feet?" he asked, as he worked.

"Pretty numb. I can't move nor feel my toes. But it will be all right. The fire is burning beautifully. Watch out you don't freeze your own hands. They must be numb now from the way you're fumbling."

He slipped his mittens on, and for nearly a minute smashed the open hands savagely against his sides. When he felt the blood-prickles, he pulled off the mittens and ripped and tore and raved and hacked at the frozen garments. The white skin of one foot appeared, then that of the other, to be exposed to the bite of seventy below zero, which is the equivalent of one hundred and two below freezing.

Then came the rubbing with snow, carried on with an intensity of cruel fierceness, till she squirmed and shrank and moved her toes, and joyously complained of the hurt.

He half-dragged her, and she half-lifted herself nearer to the fire. He placed her feet on the blanket close to the flesh-saving flames.

"You'll have to take care of them for a while," he said.

She could now safely remove her mittens and work and manipulate her own feet, with the wisdom of the initiated, being watchful that the heat of the fire was absorbed slowly. While she did this, he attacked his hands. The snow did not melt nor moisten. Its light crystals were like so much sand. Slowly the stings and pangs of circulation came back into the chilled flesh. Then he tended the fire, unstrapped the light pack from her back, and got out a complete change of foot gear.

Shorty returned along the creek-bed and climbed the bank to them.

"I sure staked a full thousand feet," he proclaimed. "Number twenty-seven an' number twenty-eight, though I'd only got the upper stake of twenty-seven, when I met the first gaszer of the bunch behind. He just straight declared I wasn't goin' to stake twenty-eight. An' I told him—"

"Yes, yes," Joy cried. "What did you tell him?"

"Well, I told him straight that if he didn't back up plus five hundred feet I'd sure punch his frozen nose into ice cream an' chocolate eclairs. He backed up, an' I've got in the centre-stakes of two full an' honest five hundred-foot creek claims. He staked next, an' I guess by now the bunch has Squaw Creek located to head-waters an' down the other side. Ours is safe. It's too dark to see now, but we can put out the corner-stakes in the mornin'."

III.

When they awoke, they found a change had taken place during the night. So warm was it, that Shorty and Smoke, still in their mutual blankets, estimated the temperature at no more than twenty below. The cold snap had broken. On top their blankets lay six inches of frost crystals.

"Good morning—how's your feet?" was Smoke's greeting across the robes of the fire to where Joy Gustell, carefully shaking aside the snow, was sitting up in her sleeping furs.

Shorty built the fire and quarried ice from the creek, while Smoke cooked breakfast. Daylight came on as they finished the meal.

"You go on an' fix them corner-stakes, Smoke," Shorty said. "There's gravel

under where I chopped ice for the coffee, an' I'm goin' to melt water and wash a pan of that same gravel for luck."

Smoke departed, axe in hand, to blaze the stakes. Starting from the down-stream centre-stake of "twenty-seven," he headed at right angles across the narrow valley toward its rim. He proceeded methodically, almost automatically, for his mind was alive with recollections of the night before. He felt, somehow, that he had won to empery over the delicate lines and firm muscles of those feet and ankles he had rubbed with snow, and this empery

seemed to extend to the rest and all of this woman of his kind. In dim and fiery ways a feeling of possession mastered him. It seemed that all that was necessary was for him to walk up to this Joy Giestell, take her hand in his, and say "Come."

It was in this mood that he discovered something that made him forget empery over the white feet of woman. At the valley rim he blazed no corner-stake. He did not reach the valley rim, but, instead, he found himself confronted by another stream. He lined up with his eye a blast-
ed willow tree and a big and recognizable spruce. He returned

to the stream where were the centre stakes. He followed the bed of the creek around a wide horseshoe bend through the flat and found that the two creeks were the same creek. Next, he floundered twice through the snow from valley rim to valley rim, running the first line from the lower stake of "twenty-seven," the second from the upper stake of "twenty-eight"; and he found that the upper stake of the latter was lower than the lower stake of the former. In the gray twilight and half darkness, Shorty had located their two claims on the horseshoe.

Smoke plodded back to the idle camp. Shorty, at the end of washing a pan of gravel, exploded at sight of him.

"We got it!" Shorty cried, holding out the pan. "Look at it! A nesty snow of gold. Two hundred right there



He found himself confronted by another stream.

if it's a cent. She runs rich from the top of the wash-gravel. I've churned around placers some, but I never got better like what's in this pan.

"What's the answer?"

"Well, the eastern entrance of the Panama Canal is west of the western entrance, that's all."

"Go on," Shorty said. "I ain't seen the joke yet."

"In short, Shorty, you staked our two claims on a big horseshoe bend."

Shorty set the gold pan down in the snow and stood up.

"Go on," he repeated.

"The upper stake of twenty-eight is ten feet below the lower stake of twenty-seven."

"You mean we ain't got nothin', Smoke?"

"Worse than that; we've got ten feet less than nothing."

Shorty departed down the bank on the run. Five minutes later he returned. In response to Joy's look he nodded. Without speech, he went over to a log and sat down to gaze steadily at the snow in front of his moosehairs.

"We might as well break camp and

start back for Dawson," Smoke said, beginning to fold the blankets.

"I am sorry, Smoke," Joy said. "It's all my fault."

"It's all right," he answered. "All in the day's work, you know."

"But it's my fault, wholly mine," she persisted. "Dad's staked for me down near Discovery, I know. 'I'll give you my claim.'"

He shook his head.

"Shorty," she pleaded.

Shorty shook his head and began to laugh. It was a colossal laugh. Chuckles and muffled explosions yielded to hearty roars.

"It ain't hysterics," he explained. "I sure get powerful amused at times, an' this is one of them."

His gaze chanced to fall on the gold pan. He walked over and gravely kicked it, scattering the gold over the landscape.

"It ain't earn," he said. "It belongs to the gooser I backed up five hundred feet last night. An' what gets me is four hundred an' ninety of them feet was to the goos—his good. Come on, Smoke. Let's start the hike to Dawson. Though if you're hankerin' to kill me I won't lift a finger to prevent."

THE IDOL

I prayed, and wrought me an idol:—

Lord, it was sweet to pray!

From others, but most of all from myself,

I covered its feet of clay.

An evil ooze from the marshland

Soddened its feet of clay.

The Idol rocked on its flower-decked shrine:—

Lord, it is bitter to pray!

—Jessie Anderson, in *Lippincott's*.

The Men We Need

A Problem in Canadian Immigration: The Learning of a New Philosophy of Life

By Frederick Greyson

Immigration will always be a great Canadian problem. Fraught as it is with the gravest perils it is of surpassing importance to the Dominion in its present period of expansion. Nor is it an issue with which Canadians are unfamiliar; on the contrary, its dominant features are well understood. This article, however, approaches a consideration of the question from a new viewpoint and in an original way, and, having regard to the Britisher in particular, offers a solution, the outcome of which is that the newcomer, to be really successful in Canada, "must unlearn his old philosophy of living and learn a new one." National in its scope and application as affecting the needs of the country, the treatise cannot but prove valuable and helpful.

THE Captain and I stood back in the shadow of the little station and watched the little group.

"Poor devils!" muttered the Captain. "They ought not to go. They'll never make good. They can't. They don't understand your country and your country won't try to understand them."

"No," I said, "I think you're wrong, Captain. I think Canada is the very place for them."

There were in the group seven men, six women and thirteen children. Their luggage was of the usual variety which is seen in the staterooms of west-bound Canadian liners. It consisted of small leather or tin trunks which weighed three times as much, in proportion to their capacity, as a Canadian trunk; of great wooden chests with heavy locks and hinges, which the men had carried to the platform of the station on their shoulders, and of all sorts of bundles and grips. They were farm laborers from the Captain's very own farm. They were waiting for the train which would take them to Liverpool,

whence an ocean liner was to transport them to—Canada.

The Captain beckoned to me and we walked away, and out into the little garden of the station master. Over the garden wall which lay between us and the little group of adventures on the platform of the station, we could hear them "jowking." To the Captain, for he was their landlord, there was nothing to notice in their banterings. To a Canadian there was something almost pathetic in the guffaws and the buffoonery with which they tried to cover up the real anxiety they felt in thus taking leave of their own country. Then, too, there is something repellent about the geyety of people like these in the old country. There is a flat-throatedness about their laugh and a clumsy exaggeration in their fun which seems unwholesome. But that does not matter.

"Ere, 'Arrist! 'Arrist, you toyk this luggage. I sigh, moind the baaby. 'Ere, you, can't y' do as y're towd'?"

The train had come in with the same quiet little air of deadly earnestness and extreme business with which an English train always arrives. The group on the platform was stampeding and the guard had his hands full to herd them into the third class compartments.

There was a slight rumble and the train rolled out.

"I am sorry to see those people go," declared the Captain emphatically. "I am sorry because I think that Canada is not the place for them. I think they won't prosper there and that they'll become discontents if not malcontents in a few generations."

"You are unfair," I retorted. "You say that because you are a land-owner and you resent the fact that these people have enough independence left to leave your property and go out on their own account."

"Oh, no," he replied, "you are quite wrong. You do me an injustice. I know your country, Canada, and I admire it very much. I think it offers a solution for some of our problems here in the Old Country, by relieving us of some of our over-population. I think it offers a man many more advantages than here in England. But I am still certain that those people who left are taking a very great risk."

"Why?"

"Because they are farm laborers."

"But farm laborers are the very people we are asking for in Canada. They are the immigrants that the country needs. We don't want city people from you. Our trade unions object to the immigration of artisans and city laborers. We want farm laborers. We need them."

"Well," he concluded, "they are the people we need least to secure employment for, and they are the least likely citizens you can pick for Canada. Take my word for it."

So we commenced to argue and this is the sum of our argument.

There is a radical difference between the Old Country view of living and that of the Canadian. The immigrant, coming from England or Scotland must, to be really successful in the new country, unlearn his old philosophy of living, so to speak, and learn the new one. The man who can do this is the best citizen for the new country; and the immigrant-

elect who is most likely to adapt himself quickly to the new conditions is the urban man, not the farm laborer. This was the sum of our conclusions.

Let us leave out of this the small farmer as he exists in England and Scotland. It is from this class that Canada can expect to draw heavily. The agriculturists who may be attracted to this country are often the farm laborers who have become, if not dissatisfied at home, imbued with the general enthusiasm for Canada. These men, arriving in Canada, have been shifted out to Canadian farms. There, some of them have made good, so the saying is; but others have been miserable failures. The Canadian farmer is apt to tell you that he prefers the Canadian hired man at twice the money to the Old Countryman at the lesser price. You may find, as I said, some exceptions, but the average experience has been that the Old Country farm hand, while he is probably more thorough in his work, is not a good all around man. He is hard to teach. He is slow to adapt himself, and he is not resourceful.

"The Captain" is a modest landlord with a good "home farm" and a few acres besides. He is a County Councillor and a half a dozen other things like that. In fact he is a modern squire. I had told him that I really thought our Canadian farmers were unresponsible in their criticism and that the greatest difficulty to be overcome was their prejudice to Old Country methods. But he insisted that I was wrong and that the fault really lies in the fact that the English farm laborer, of all men, is least adaptable.

No position in the social structure is impossible to a Canadian. He recognizes no caste nor much precedence—sometimes not enough. He does not feel handicapped by the thought that his grandfather or his father was a horse-chief. Canada lies before him a world wherein nothing is as yet established, or at all events nothing that daunts him. He sees that it needs work done and that the man who does that work gets the reward, without respect to his ancestors. The rewards are large but the work is not like work in other parts of the world. He may have to endure privation; the possibilities are that he must. He will not be able to

pick and choose his work nor please his fancy as to the scenery in his neighborhood. The one fact before him is that he must work and work harder than the next man, or else wake some morning to find that the next man has outstripped him and stands in the way of his progress.

But the Old Countryman, of a certain class, arriving in Canada finds this very difficult to learn. He does not know the meaning of the word initiative. He has always left that to somebody else. If he learns the lesson he prospers. If he doesn't he fails to become all that the opportunities are worth. The city-bred man may be quicker in this regard. He is more accustomed to accepting new conditions; his mind is trained to see things quickly. But the farm laborer can only stand "mused."

If you walk across a field in Surrey, or anywhere, for that matter, in rural England, and if you find a quiet place where you can sit down and get a quiet impression of the rural landscape, you will begin to understand the English farm laborer. It is such a finished field, such a comfortable and complete field. There is never any danger of its surprising you. It will always produce about the same thing that it has produced for the past twelve generations. The hedges are old. Nobody will ever change them. They mark the field as carefully and as permanently as though they were the lines of character in an old man's face. From year to year there is no development in that field. Everything is a matter of rotation, a matter of habit which has been fixed upon that field, not by the present generation of owners but by ten generations before them, perhaps.

The landscape is finished. It is cut and trimmed and barbered like an old Duke, or like an old dowager after her marriage. The rivers will not vary much in their height because there are no far off forests being cut down. The stream sings the same song yesterday as it sang on hundred years ago. The men who pass you, with farm implements over their shoulders and coats on their arms, are not engaged in any competition for wealth. All are free and equal within their class. If a man keeps from letting the "pulsive" class dominate him, if he

marries carefully and serves "the Master" well, he may expect to live in peace and comparative plenty in a small cottage, always. The weather is not bitter at any time. Food is plain but good. The Mistress at "the house" will give the children hot soup or coals or petticoats if the winter is very bad and the family gets poor. Someone will look after them somehow. Why strive?

The spirit of the old feudal system still survives in important parts of the old land. The people have been taught to be more or less dependent upon the landowner. He is often the very best of fellows—just like the Captain. He recognizes that his employees on the estate are little better than children. He gives them more or less protection and his wife tries to drill something worth while into the minds of the women folk. And that is about the end of it. They expect to be attended to. They are parts of the feudal system.

It is a wonder that this system breeds the fine men it does. For there are some excellent qualities among the farm laborers of the Old Country. There are, however, not a few who seem to degenerate under the English system. For instance, the Captain's wife came in one evening from working in her garden and said that she had never felt more "put out."

"Why?"

Because she had tried to help a family of whom the rector had spoken to her. The rector said they were very poor and had scarcely any firewood or coals in the house. The man was somewhat delirious and, the rector supposed, may have been a trifle lazy. Captain's wife, out of pity, hired the man and his twelve year old boy to clear up the garden under the direction of her gardener. They worked very slowly but she supposed it was because they had been badly nourished. In time the man and boy seemed to have regained their normal strength and one day, seeing a pile of dry wood which would otherwise have been burned in the fire-place in the Captain's library, she directed the man in question to take it to his cottage. There was enough of it to keep him warm for the whole winter.

Three days later the wood was still lying there. Captain's wife summoned the

gardener and asked why it had not been given to the poor family.

"Given?" the head gardener had said, "why, m'am, I asked Smuggins what you told him to do with the wood and he said you had told him he could take it home for himself. I asked him why he didn't do so and he replied, 'Do so! How'm I to get it 'ome?' Carry it, I told him, my lady. He says how, again, and I told him to take the barrow. But he wouldn't, m'am. He said he wasn't able."

It was little wonder the Captain's wife was annoyed.

This illustrates the one product of Old Country feudalism.

But often the normal type of farm laborer is a poor animal when he reaches Canada. Nine times out of ten it has been misrepresented to him, either by some over-enthusiastic person who means well, or by a deliberate falsification. He has an idea that there is milk and honey lying about, that wages are high and living as cheap as in England. At home he has been accustomed to doing a special sort of work. Possibly he has been a cow-herd. All he knows is cows; or a sheep-tender—sheep; or a field worker, or a ploughman, or a stableman. He seldom has a knowledge of general farming. With a mistaken idea of the proper manner to bluff his way in Canada (which he believes is a recognized way of promoting oneself in Canada) he says offhand that he knows all about farming. He is hired, shows his inefficiency and inability to

learn quickly. He does not approve of the Canadian methods. He cannot give the Canadian farmer the respect he gave the landlord at home simply because the Canadian farmer is a rougher and more practical man, not a "gentleman farmer," but a real one. Naturally there are misunderstandings, and when winter comes finds the laborer out of employment or drifting into the cities, he becomes a discontented man and wishes bitterly that he were back in his cottage, rent free, potatoes free, fire-wood for the picking up, and milder weather, even though the wages would not be as high.

This then, as the Captain's understanding of the situation, was what made him sorry to see the laborers leaving on the train for Liverpool. They were his children. He had not objected to their going, but he had advised them against it. Some had accepted his advice. Others had rejected it with a sagacious wink and a leer of great understanding.

The Captain did not say, and nobody dares to say, that all of those that went would fail. But he knew well enough that they would be bitterly disappointed in many cases and that when the snow came and they felt themselves upon their own resources, without the land-owner or the Church to go to, there would be much lamentation.

"Speaking only from our own point of view," said the Captain, "we would like you to make room for our city employees. That is where the over-crowding comes. We can use our farm laborers at home."

THE COMING OF LOVE

A moonlight stroll beside some singing sea,

A pause, a glance, a moment's thrill and fire—

Life is no more as it was wont to be,

Nor is death older than this new desire!

—Charles C. Jones in *Arcturion*.

The Girl and The Habit

By O. Henry

HABIT.—A tendency or aptitude acquired by custom or frequent repetition.

THE critics have assailed every source of inspiration save one. To that one we are driven for our moral theme. When we leaved upon the masters of old they gleefully dug up the parallels to our column. When we strove to set forth real life they reproached us for trying to imitate Henry George, George Washington, Washington Irving and Irving Bacheller. We wrote of the West and the East, and they accused us of both Jesse and Henry James. We wrote from our heart—and they said something about a disordered liver. We took a text from Matthew or —er—yes, Deuteronomy, but the preachers were hammering away at the inspiration idea before we could get into type. So, driven to the wall, we go for our subject-matter to the reliable, old, moral, unassailable *vade mecum*—the unabridged dictionary.

Miss Merriam was cashier at Hinkle's. Hinkle's is one of the big downtown restaurants. It is in what the papers call the "financial district." Each day from 12 o'clock to 2 Hinkle's was full of hungry customers—messenger boys, stenographers, brokers, owners of mining stock, promoters, inventors with patents pending—and also people with money.

The cashier'ship at Hinkle's was no sinecure. Hinkle egged and teased and griddle-eked and coaxed a good many customers; and he lunched (so good a word as "dined") many more. It might be said that Hinkle's breakfast crowd was a contingent, but his luncheon patronage amounted to a horde.

Miss Merriam sat on a stool at a desk enclosed on three sides by a strong, high fencing of woven brass wire. Through

an arched opening at the bottom you thrust your waiter's check and the money, while your heart went pit-a-pet.

For Miss Merriam was lovely and capable. She could take 45 cents out of a \$2 bill and refuse an offer of marriage before you could—Next!—lost your chance—please don't shove. She could keep cool and collected while she collected your check, give you the correct change, win your heart, indicate the toothpick stand, and rate you to a quarter of a cent better than Bradstreet could to a thousand in less time than it takes to pepper an egg with one of Hinkle's casters.

There is an old and dignified allusion to the "fiery light that beats upon a throne." The light that beats upon the young lady cashier's cage is also something fierce. The other fellow is responsible for the slang.

Every male patron of Hinkle's, from the A. D. T. boys up to the curbstone brokers, adored Miss Merriam. When they paid their checks they wooed her with every wile known to Cupid's art. Between the meshes of the brass railing went smiles, winks, compliments, tender vows, invitations to dinner, sighs, languishing looks and merry banter that was wasted pointedly back by the gifted Miss Merriam.

There is no cogn of vantage more effective than the position of young lady cashier. She sits there, easily queen of the court of commerce; she is duchess of dollars and devoirs, countess of compliments and coin, leading lady of love and luncheon. You take from her a smile and a Canadian dime, and you go your way uncomplaining. You count the cheery word or two that she tosses you as misers count their treasures; and you pocket the change for a five uncompeeted. Perhaps the brass-bound inaccessibility

multiples her charms—anyhow, she is a shirt-waisted angel, immaculate, trim, manicured, seductive, bright-eyed, ready, alert—Psyche, Circe and Ale in one, separating you from your circulating medium after your slither in medium.

The young men who broke bread at Hinkle's never settled with the cashier without an exchange of banding and open compliment. Many of them went to greater lengths and dropped promissory hints of theatre tickets and chocolates. The older men spoke plainly of orange blossoms, generally withering the tentative petals by after-allusions to Harlem flats. One broker, who had been squeaked by copper proposed to Miss Merriam more regularly than he ate.

During a brisk luncheon hour Miss Merriam's conversation, while she took money for checks, would run something like this:

"Good morning, Mr. Haskins—sir?—it's natural, thank you, don't be quite so fresh . . . Hello, Johnny—ten, fifteen, twenty—chase along now or they'll take the letters off your cap . . . Beg pardon—count it again, please—oh, don't mention it . . . Vanderville?—thanks; not on your moving picture—I was to see Carter in Hedda Gabler on Wednesday night with Mr. Simmons . . . 'Scuse me, I thought that was a quarter."

Twenty-five and seventy-five's a dollar—got that bam-and-cabbage habit yet. I see, Billy . . . Who are you addressing?—say—you'll get all that's coming to you in a minute . . . Oh, fudge! Mr. Bassett—you're always fooling—no—? Well, maybe I'll marry you some day—three, four and sixty-five is five.

Kindly keep them remarks to yourself, if you please . . . Ten cents? 'scuse me; the check calls for seventy—well, maybe it is a one instead of a seven.

Oh, do you like it that way, Mr. Saunders?—some prefer a pump; but they say this Cleo de Merody does suit refined features . . . and ten is fifty.

Hike along there, buddy; don't take this for a Coney Island ticket booth. Huh?—why, Maey's don't it fit nice? Oh, no, it isn't too cool—these light-weight fabrics is all the go this season . . . Come again, please—that's the third time you've tried to—what?—forget it—that lead quarter is an old friend

of mine . . . Sixty-five?—must have had your salary raised, Mr. Wilson . . . I seen you on Sixth Avenue Tuesday afternoon, Mr. De Forest—awful!—oh, my!—who is she? . . . What's the matter with it?—why, it ain't money—what?—Columbian half?—well, this ain't South America . . . Yes, I like the mixed best—Friday?—awfully sorry, but I take my jus-tice lesson on Friday—Thursday, then . . . Thanks—that's sixteen times I've been told that this morning—I guess I must be beautiful.

Out that out, please—who do you think I am? . . . Why, Mr. Westbrock, do you really think so?—the idea—one eighty and twenty's a dollar—thank you, ever so much; but I don't ever go automobile riding with gentlemen—your aunt?—well, that's different—perhaps . . . Please don't get fresh—your check was fifteen cents, I believe—kindly step aside and let . . . Hello, Ben—coming around Thursday evening?—there's a gentleman going to send around a box of chocolates, and . . . forty and sixty is a dollar, and one is two . . .

About the middle of one afternoon the daisy goddess Vertigo—whose other name is Fortune—suddenly smote an old, wealthy and eccentric banker while he was walking past Hinkle's, on his way to a street car. A wealthy and eccentric banker who rides in street cars is—move up, please; there are others.

A Samaritan, a Pharisee, a man and a polioeman who were first on the spot lifted Banker McRamey and carried him into Hinkle's restaurant. When the aged but indestructible banker opened his eyes he saw a beautiful vision bending over him with a pitiful, tender smile, basking forehead with beef tea and chafing his hands with something frappe out of a chafing-dish. Mr. McRamey sighed, lost a vest button, gnawed with deep gratitude upon his fair preservers, and then recovered consciousness.

To the Seaside Library all who are anticipating a romance! Banker McRamey had an aged and respected wife, and his sentiments toward Miss Merriam were fatherly. He talked to her for half an hour with interest—not the kind that went with his talks during business hours. The next day he brought Mrs. McRamey down to see her. The old couple were

childless—they had only a married daughter living in Brooklyn.

To make a short story shorter, the beautiful cashier won the hearts of the good old couple. They came to Hinkle's again and again; they invited her to their old-fashioned but splendid home in one of the East Seventies. Miss Merriam's winning loveliness, her sweet frankness and impulsive heart took them by storm. They said a hundred times that Miss Merriam reminded them so much of their lost daughter. The Brooklyn matron, nee Ramsey, had the figure of Bud-dha and a face like the ideal of an art photographer. Miss Merriam was a combination of curves, smiles, rose leaves, pearls, satin and hair-tonic posters. Enough of the fatuity of parents.

A month after the worthy couple became acquainted with Miss Merriam, she stood before Hinkle one afternoon and resigned her cashiership.

"They're going to adopt me," she told the bereft restaurateur. "They're funny old people but regular dears. And the swell home they have got! Say, Hinkle, there isn't any use of talking—I'm on the a la carte to wear hrown duds and goggles in a whit wagon or marry a duke at least. Still I somehow hate to break out of the old cage. I've been cashiering so long I feel funny doing anything else. I'll miss joshing the fellows awfully when they line up to pay for the backwheats and. But I can't let this chance slide. And they're awfully good, Hinkle; I know I'll have a swell time. You owe me ninety-sixty-two and a half for the week. Cut out the half if it hurts you, Hinkle."

And they did. Miss Merriam became Mrs. Ross McRamsey. And she graced the transition. Beauty is only skin-deep, but the nerves lie very near to the skin. Nerve—but just here will you oblige by perusing again the quotation with which this story begins?

The McRamseys poured out money like domestic champagne to polish their adopted one. Milliners, dancing masters and private tutors got it. Miss—or—McRamsey was grateful, loving, and tried to forget Hinkle's. To give ample credit to the adaptability of the American girl, Hinkle's did fade from her memory and speech meet of the time.

Not every one will remember when the Earl of Hitesbury came to East Seventy—Street, America. He was only a fair-to-medium earl, without debts, and he created little excitement. But you will surely remember the evening when the Daughters of Benevolence held their bazaar in the W—f—A—a Hotel. For you were there, and you wrote a note to Fannie on the hotel paper, and mailed it, just to show her that—you did not? Very well; that was the evening the baby was sick, of course.

At the Bazaar the McRamseys were prominent. Miss Mer—er—McRamsey was exquisitely beautiful. The Earl of Hitesbury had been very attentive to her since he dropped in to have a look at America. At the charity hamper the affair was supposed to be going to be pulled off to a finish. An earl is as good as a duke. Better. His standing may be lower, but his outstanding accounts are also lower.

Our ex-young-lady-cashier was assigned to a booth.

She was expected to sell worthless articles to nobles and snobs at exorbitant prices. The proceeds of the bazaar were to be used for giving to the poor children of the slums a Christmas din— Say! did you ever wonder where they get the other 364?

Miss McRamsey—beautiful, palpitating, excited, charming, radiant—flustered about in her booth. An imitation brass network, with a little arched opening, fenced her in.

Along came the Earl, assured, delicate, accurate, admiring—admirably great, and faced the open wicket.

"You look charming, you know—'pon my word you do—my dear," he said beguilingly.

Miss McRamsey whirled around.

"Cut that joshing out," she said coolly and briskly. "Who do you think you are talking to? Your cheek, please. Oh, lordy!"

Patrons to the bazaar became aware of a commotion and pressed around a certain booth. The Earl of Hitesbury stood near by pulling a pale blond and puzzled whisker.

"Miss McRamsey has fainted," some one explained.

Fresh Air Cure For Criminals



The new concrete bridge over the River Speed, built entirely by men on the Ontario Prison Farm, who would sit right on one occasion in order to facilitate the progress of its construction.

In so far as first offenders are concerned the object of all imprisonment should be reformatory rather than punitive. With the more general acceptance of this principle have come the modern methods of Prison Reform. Among these the Ontario system, as exemplified in the Prison Farm near Guelph, takes first rank. The scheme, which is being attended by most satisfactory results, might almost be termed the "Fresh Air Cure for Criminals," for, as the article explains, it aims mainly to save misdoers from a continued life of crime.

IF you had a nasty, gnawing, cankerous sore that was continually troubling you, causing pain and discomfort, what would you do? Cover it up and let it fester? Likely not. You would rather wash and cleanse it, apply healing lotions, and give it air and sunshine to make it healthy again. So society has a cankerous sore—the criminal, the misdoer—the offender. Would you close him up, let the germ of discontent develop and grow worse? Wouldn't it be better, to give him a chance to become healthy, give him air and sunshine, so that the perverted mind might become normal and regular again? You have the club on the one hand, the protecting shield on the other; the destructive as opposed to the constructive method of reform; the old way and the new.

For a generation penalologists have theorized upon this question, endeavor-

ing here and there to introduce some principle of reform into prison methods with varying and often indifferent success, due first to lack of knowledge in application and lack of facilities for demonstration. Perhaps the primary fault was a lack of confidence in human nature—a feeling that the criminal, the offender against law and society, could not be trusted; or if trusted would prove unworthy. So he must be shut up and huddled into submission.

But in the struggle for better methods of correction here and there have appeared a few men—not many, and mostly one at a time—who have had enough confidence in their fellows to make a test. And given facilities, necessarily incomplete and to some extent experimental, have produced results at once so astounding, so exemplary and so conclusive that within



The hydrated plant, with kilns which are operated on the Guelph Farm by Ontario Prison Labor.

a short time a new era has been established in prison reform.

A GLIMPSE OF NEW METHODS.

One bright, sunny morning in June a party of newspaper men were crossing a farm some two miles distant from a prosperous manufacturing city in Western Ontario. Running through the tract was the River Speed, the land on either side sloping gently to its banks. Farther on a charming piece of woodland—cedar, pine, maple and elm—gave its softening touch to the landscape, and, contrasting an outcropping of limestone gleams in the sunlight here and there through the trees. In the rich pasture of the meadowland a herd of Holsteins was seeking a shelter from the mid-day heat, conveying a gentle suggestion of pastoral contentment; and on the broad fields of the uplands the tiny stalks were shooting their heads skywards, giving promise of a plentiful harvest. Hard by stood the spacious buildings of the Ontario Agricultural College whose offices, perhaps more experimental were at least no more practical.

The hour was noon. In the distant city could be heard the shrill of the factory whistle calling men to rest. It was a welcome sound. As if responding to the touch of a magic wand, from all parts of the farm men made their appearance. Singly and in groups of two, three or half a dozen, they struggled past, using bypath, roadway or cross-country route. Their simple garb—blue jeans and a con-
 plaster sunburnt—suggested the occupation of a farm laborer, while sunburnt

faces and brawny arms told of health and vigor.

These were men under detention, serving sentences for misdemeanors in what is commonly known as the Central Prison. Formerly, in fact until April, 1910, the term Central Prison denoted the popular mind as a dull grey brick building on Strachan Avenue in Toronto, with barred windows, a high brick wall surrounding, and armed guards posted in towers at all corners. Into an atmosphere such as this, first offenders, ordinary misdemeanors, were herded in iron cages, irritated by rigid prison discipline, brooding over ill-received fates, sympathizing with and encouraging each other in a desire for vengeance. Small wonder is it that such a system long ago outlived its usefulness, if it ever had any; and let all credit be given to the man, John Howard, whom history honors as the promoter of the modern prison reform movement.

THE ONTARIO SYSTEM.

But what can be said of Ontario's prison reform scheme? Where is its prototype, its progenitor? To-day there are a score of such institutions scattered in different parts of the world, the American continent, perhaps, in the forefront, but always acknowledging the leadership of Howard, while England and Continental Europe follow suit; even the far-off Philippines are falling into line. All of these have varying degrees of similarity, but none provide the model for or are duplicates of the Ontario idea. Without definition



"The Honorable Idea and the Man Behind It" was striking attitude of Hon. W. J. Hanna, Provincial Secretary for the Province of Ontario.

or formulae, the Ontario system is at once large enough to be worthy of the genius of a great people—a province of over two millions of people—and yet contracted to one man. Told in a word it is the Hanna idea.

Back in 1907 Hon. W. J. Hanna, Provincial Secretary of Ontario, began to de-

velop the idea. For years the contract system employed at the disposal of this labor have all resulted in loss. The men were not worth 50 cents per day. In 1890 Warden Muesy reported in connection with the then contract that there was a shortage of \$3,998.79 on nine months' operation, equivalent to 25 cents per day on the prison labor em-

ployed, "so that instead of earning 50 cents per day each, and sufficient to cover the foremen's salaries, the earnings per prisoner, after deducting working expenses, is only 24 cents." It will be seen that the Provincial Secretary had an economic as well as a moral question to deal with. He set to work. It took some time to reach a conclusion, but that conclusion once reached, he got to work. He wanted a farm, it almost had to be made to



The accompanying view shows two required dormitories at the Ontario Prison Farm, Longville near Guelph. The dormitories, above is that of the dormitories, and the one below that of the dining hall.

velop the idea. For years the contract system employed at the Central Prison in Toronto had been the cause of friction between successive governments and the labor interests; free labor was brought into competition with prison labor. "Our Central Prison was completed and commenced business on the first of June, 1874," said Mr. Hanna in a speech to the Legislature on February 26, 1897, "and from date to this we have had prison labor under contract in this province—always under protest, always without any satisfactory solution." Most of the inmates of the prison, it was explained, appeared to be ignorant of any useful work, and the different contracts



order; the specifications were severe. There must be good agricultural land, an inexhaustible supply of stone for road making and building construction, and gravel, proximity to the centre of population, good drainage and plenty of pure water, railway facilities and the like. It took a long time to get what was wanted, but now the Guelph farm (or farms,

for it comprises many) seems almost ideal for the purpose.

The early days were full of anxiety. It was much of an experiment. Nothing just like it was to be found anywhere. It was simply a Hanna idea, founded on a man's belief in human nature. "The short term prisoner with the first offence is not as black as he is sometimes painted, he would gladly be better if given half a chance. Would the solution we have in mind here give the prisoner a better chance? I believe it would. If it would do this, it would certainly as well give a solution of the question of prison labor that would avoid all possibility of its being put into competition with free labor."

WORKING OUT THE SCHEME.

How did the idea work out? After possession of the farm (or farms) was secured in April, 1910—less than two years ago—fourteen prisoners were sent from the Central at Toronto under charge of two officers. Think of it, fourteen men of a criminal class quartered in a farm house with only two guards and not a shackle, a handcuff, a revolver or hide-gone for protection. How did it come about? Mr. Hanna was as good as his word. He gave the men a chance. More than that, he appealed to their manliness. Sometime prior to the departure of this interesting company for Guelph, there was a convulsion in the Central Prison. The men selected to go were taken to one side and the scheme was explained to them. To use Mr. Hanna's words: "We were frank with the boys. We told them what we proposed to do. It was an experiment; we wanted to know how they would take it. We asked them to talk it over among themselves for a while and let us know what they would do. Well, after a while we came back. 'Well, boys, what is it?' I said. They had talked it over and come to the conclusion to stick. 'You seem to be playing fair, and we will do the same thing.'"

It didn't take long for the little seed of confidence to grow. The fourteen men were gradually increased to twenty, thirty, forty, fifty and sixty. Before the year was out nearly one hundred men were quartered on the farm under half a dozen guards.

Life on the farm for these men took a new phase. The change from prison discipline was great and the immediate results were equally astounding. The men responded like men. There was lots of hard preliminary work to do, but they went at it with a will. In the first place dormitories had to be built, administration offices established, and crops sown for the fall and winter. In an incredibly short time the place took on the air of a settlement, and more than that, the men took a pride in what was being done. Given a chance they made good; they required little watching. Doubts there were at first but they soon gave way to confidence. "Let any one try and break bounds," said one, "and we will fix him. We want no more prison life after this."

LOYAL TO THEIR TRUST.

The whole story of life at the farm since that April day to the present is one of individual experience. The scheme developed itself. It was a paying proposition from the first,—in dollars and cents as well as men. Take a few instances: Some Italians under cover of a lazy summer afternoon attempted to dynamite the river in the hope of getting fish. Two of the prisoners detected them and gave chase. The Italians made away, thoroughly frightened, and the matter was reported to the Sergeant, with the laconic remark: "Let us catch them dynamiting our fish, we will fix them."

A young Englishman got tangled up in a blind pig affair in Northern Ontario. He was sentenced to serve six months. Among the first hatch to be put on the farm, he was given charge of the stables. He took a personal interest in the horses. One splendid Clyde was taken seriously ill. At night he went to the officer, "I think you had better let me stay with that horse to-night. I don't like his appearance and I would be sorry to lose him." Leave was given and he nursed this sick animal back to health. Shortly afterwards his time was up, and he had gained the confidence of the officials to such an extent that he was continued for some time at a remunerative wage.

A party of visitors were driving to the farm. One rig became detached and



The Industrial Railway on the Ontario Prison Farm, which the prisoners built themselves. In runs from the stone quarry to the site of the different buildings, and through its operation a great deal of time has been saved in trucking.

was late in arriving. They were met by a prisoner at the crossroads. "You are to go this way," he said, indicating the direction in which the remainder of the party had gone.

"All right," was the reply. "Where are you going?"

Out of bounds, unwatched and without fetters, the man replied, "I'll stroll back to the barns, I have some work to finish."

Go down to the "front" where the Grand Trunk Railway skirts the property and you will find a straightened watercourse, which in earlier days made the place boggy and foul.

Here an Irishman had been at work for some time. The day before his discharge he went to Mr. Hanna. "I am leaving here to-morrow," he said. "Now for heaven's sake don't let the next man who comes along spoil my work. I have done a good job."

Take the testimony of another hurly fellow who had served a sentence amid these surroundings. He asked for an opportunity to thank the Provincial Secretary for what he had done. "What do you mean," asked Mr. Hanna.

"I just mean this," was the reply. "If I had been kept in the old building in Toronto I would not be fit to take a decent job on my discharge. To-morrow I will go away to Cobalt. I am fit physi-

cally and will easily get work in the mines. Under the old conditions I would appear sickly, the foreman of the mine would look me over and conclude that I had either been in the hospital or in jail. This would prevent my getting work. You see I have something to be thankful for."

A representative of the Alberta Government was recently in Ontario and wanted to see the Guelph institution. He drove out to the farm and was stopped by the men at the gate.

"Who do you want to see," he asked

"I don't know," was the reply.

"Have you business with anybody?"

"None in particular."

"Then I cannot admit you."

The Alberta man drove away, but ashamed at being daunted he turned back and explained his mission. He wanted to find out.

"If that is what you want, come in and see Mr. Armstrong. He is at the office."

Mr. S. A. Armstrong, Assistant Provincial Secretary, by the way, is the official in charge of construction. He opened the eyes of his visitor in many ways, but most of all in the information that the gate keeper was under sentence. His duty was to watch the entrance, and this occurrence gives ample evidence of his fidelity.

More than that, one day last summer when a gang was working on a concrete bridge over the Speed, built entirely by convict labor, late in the afternoon everything was ready to run the concrete. The work, if started, had to be completed that night. It would mean many hours of extra time. "What will you do boys, start now or leave it until the morning?"

"Start now," was the unanimous response. They started and it was near midnight when the run was completed, and through all there was never a word of complaint. Coffee and sandwiches was their tangible reward.

The institution, however, is only in the formative stage. An industrial building is nearing completion, the model of its kind in the province, it is said. A splendid dairy building is being erected, and by degrees the other buildings will go on. The limestone quarry provides most of the building material, and a hydrated plant also lessens the cost. The men work with a will, and an industrial railway is one part of the establishment to which they point with pride.

A short while ago, through the representations of Mr. Hanna, a parole board was established with the co-operation and approval of the Federal Government which sits at the prison once a month. Applications for parole are dealt with by this body. Any man can make, without prejudice, an application for pardon and is given the privilege of presenting his own case. The sitting is entirely informal, the board makes its recommendation

to Ottawa, and results are abundantly promising.

But it is not all work at Guelph. Sports and other recreations are permitted. After supper during the summer months a baseball game between opposing nine's fills in the twilight hour. The field is large enough to prevent the ball going out of bounds. At half past eight a whistle blows for all to come in, and even though the pitcher is ready to deliver the ball, or the batter has sent the sphere far afield, the play is never completed. Quietly the crowd gathers in, the roll call is taken and in half an hour all are at rest.

This is the idea—it is hardly yet a system. The hardened criminal it cannot help. The professional tramp, who always wants to be moving, it does not satisfy, but the first offenders, the misadventurers, these decent fellows who have done something in anger that they are sorry for afterwards, these men get time to reflect; they go back to their former haunts sobered, strengthened, certainly not seared with vice and criminality, and in many cases assured of being no further charge upon the state.

The Hanna idea has caught on. Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta are watching its development. San Quentin, California; Mansfield, Ohio; Bridgewater, Massachusetts; and other places across the line are giving evidence of the same work, and from all the answer comes back, "Give these men a chance and they will make good."



A herd of Holsteins at the Ontario Prison Farm



IT was Saturday afternoon and cold and drizzling, and clients were conspicuous by their absence, so at four o'clock, I closed my office for the day and hurried around the corner for a comforting cup of coffee.

At first I thought the restaurant was empty, but espied my genial friend Max Lubinberg seated in a far corner. He did

not notice my entrance and sat grinning away at his cakes and coffee as if they were a huge joke. I sat down opposite him.

"Well, Lubinberg," I began, "you look like a Cheshire cat laughing at a half-pound of butter. What's the joke?"

"Hello, Nathan," he gurgled, and went off into a perfect spasm of chuckles.

His fat face wrinkled up until his twinkling black eyes were half hidden, his small mustache

was lost beneath his decidedly "commercial" nose, and his chubby little body overflowed his chair and shook like a bowl full of jelly. He looked like a Jewish version of Old King Cole, and certainly was as merry an old soul as ever sold cheap clothing, "the very latest style, and all wool but the buttonholes."

"Nathan," he said at last, "real life is piles stranger as what fictions is, ain't it? Sure it is. I guess being a young fellow yet, that you go sometimes to a moving picture show? Of course you do—no use to denying it."

He had a bewildering way of asking me questions and then answering them himself to his own liking before I could open my mouth. So being anxious to hear the story I contented myself with an affirmative nod.

"Perhaps when a



He looked like a Jewish version of Old King Cole

you seen it such a picture of a feller starting out to chase another feller, and first one mans and then another, and pretty soon womens and dogs and police and everybody chases after him, falling over baby cars and ladders and peanut wagons; that it is all a nonsense and never happens in really true life—don't you?"

"Of course, that's what everybody says."

"Well, Nathan, you are wrong once, that's all. Such a thing did happen, and I seen it. Me, myself, only yesterday."

"Tell me about it," I said, and after he had allowed me to order him more coffee, he took a long breath and began:

"You know we got such a clique: me and my wife, and Cohen and his wife and son Julius, what's a doctor, and Jacobs and his daughter, Hattie, what's a mighty jolly girl, even if she is nearly a old maid."

"Once a week we meet at somebody's house for what the Englishers call a 'bit of a shine,' and for a little game of poker, five cents limits, for sociability only. The ladies, they takes hands, too, and, honestly, Nathan, if we men don't keep our eyes peeled, they skin us every time."

"This here night I'm telling you about, we meets at Jacobs'. Hattie Jacobs always gives us a fine spread. I wish you could taste once her cakes—I bet you that you changes your mind right away about being a bachelor, and begin to call on her steady."

"I had just bluffed them out of a eighty-cent pot, and you ought to have seen those faces when I showed them my hand! Well, Julius was shuffling the cards, and Jacobs—he always makes jokes—starts in to Josh Cohen about how he nearly had bluffed him only a little while before, on a pair of deuces, too."

"Cohen, he can't take a Josh; he is the very most lisseltal man I ever see; and right away he gets mad."

"He says he aint no piker, and he is a game loser, and nobody can walk around his collar, and he begins to put on airs like a tin horn gambler."

"All the same," says Jacobs, "you pretty near lost all of sixty-five cents, and I bet you if you had, you would've got such a case of cold feet that you'd've dropped out of the game."

"Cohen starts to swell up like a toy balloon, same as he always does when he gets mad, and Mrs. Cohen, she sees it there is going to be a fuss-fee, so she puts water on the troubled oil—*Ach Gott!* I got that back side befront, I mean she put her finger in the pie."

"Oh, Mr. Jacobs," she says, "I guess you don't know Sig. I tell you truthfully he is naturally a regular plunger. I have to watch him night and day, that he don't throw away his money. But anyway, he goes and squanders three dollars on such wickedness as Sweepstake tickets. A fine example he is setting for his son, I must say."

"Hattie Jacobs, she asks what is sweepstake tickets—a raffle on a broom? Then Julius, he explains that Druckmeyer, a feller that we all know, that runs a cigar store, gets up a sort of a lottery business on a English Derby."

"He tells her that it is something like a raffle, only instead of a Battenburg bedspread, or a china clock, or a turkey, the winners gets cash. It's strictly on the square, and each ticket stands a chance to win a prize. The biggest one is four thousand dollars."

"Right away, Hattie wants to buy some, and everybody gets to talking about it. We forget all about cards, and a stranger hearing nothing but Derby and sweep would be justified in thinking it was instead of a decent, respectable poker party, a convention of hatters and broom makers."

"Julius, he tells us that he heard that all the tickets are sold already, and Jacobs, he offers to buy Cohen's tickets for twenty-five cents profit, each."

"First it was fun, and then earnestness, and they got to haggling like a pair of rag men over a bag of bottles, and, finally, Cohen sells Jacobs the tickets at a profit of fifty cents on each ticket, and thinks he had done a neat piece of business."

"Mrs Cohen aint satisfied. She thinks Cohen should've got more for them and she begins to scold him for such recklessness, and says he's got a right to keep them after buying them, and anyway a card-party aint no place for business."

"Julius he says he feels it in his bones them tickets are winners, and surely Nathan, that feller is bony enough to be a

fine prophet. Notwithstanding, Jacobs keeps the tickets, and Hattie, she says, come out to supper and everybody forgets about it."

"Five days later, that's yesterday, comes the day for the drawing. Jacobs he is always an early bird, and when he goes down by his jewelry store in the morning, he stops off at Druckmeyer's and finds out that on the tickets he bought from Cohen, he don't win so much as a moulted prezel."

"He aint exactly overjoyed to think that he lost four dollars and fifty cents for nothing, but he is a cheerful sort of a idiot and don't cry no tears."

"All of a sudden he thinks how Cohen, if he'd lost that much money, would've gone up in the air and come down with a bad case of St. Vitus' dance fully developed. Also, he thinks how Cohen will give him the laugh since he got stung, and so he makes up his mind he shall play a little joke on Cohen and if anybody laughs, it won't be Cohen."

"I tell you Nathan, that there Jacobs is a devil of a feller for jokes. I hope he takes it pety on me; because I'm old and fat and got a bald head and a weak heart; and don't play any of his monkey business on me."

"I was in his store to get some change when he comes in."

"Listen," he says to Adolph; that's his watchmaker; "I want you to call up Big-mund Cohen, the real estate broker. It's early yet, and you'll be sure to catch him in."

"I'm fixing up a fine surprise party for Cohen this morning." He says to me.

"That's why I want Adolph to phone him. If I do it, he'll sure know my voice, and he don't know Adolph's from a bum-saw's."

"Where's his office?" says Adolph.

"That makes me laugh. It shows you don't know that Cohen. Such a cheap-skate he is that he won't have a decent office down town, but makes it in his house to save a few dollars office rent every month—and him just stuffed with money. Go ahead Adolph and ring him up. And he goes on and tells him what to say."

"Adolph, he is tickled to death to play jokes himself and so soon as he stepped laughing he rings up."

"Hello! Is Mr. Cohen there? This is Druckmeyer's cigar store speaking. Please to call Mr. Cohen; we got some great news for him."

"Adolph nearly busts. He claps his hand over the mouth-piece and says he can hear Mrs. Cohen hollering, all excitement, to Cohen."

"Cohen comes to the 'phone and Adolph tells him he is the clerk at Druckmeyer's store what has charge of the drawing, and that one of Cohen's tickets wins the four thousand dollar prize, and he shall come right away down by the store and get the money."

"Cohen bites like a hungry perch and forgets to hang up the 'phone."

"Adolph listens and tells Jacobs and me how he has a fine fit because he's sold the tickets to Jacobs. Mrs. Cohen she is so mad at him that she says if he don't get them back and draw the four thousand himself, that she will go and get herself such a divorce. Julius he is almost crying and says he always thought his Dad had softenings of the brain, and now he knows it."

"All of a sudden, Adolph he leaves the door hang three times, and we guess Cohen is headed for Jacobs' store with Mrs. Cohen and Julius close behind."

"I seen a good customer of mine going into my store and I had to go over, but being right-across the street, I didn't miss much."

"The Cohen's live easy, twenty blocks away, but I give you my solemn word that Cohen runs them twenty, in seven minutes one quarter and two ticks—flat. He comes tearing down the street with no hat and no coat; his white vest all over splashes from mud; his big gold watch-chain stretched like a ocean cable across that corporation of him, what as you know, is fully ten inches over the building line; sweat pouring off him, and puffing like a switch engine going to a wreck."

"Two blocks behind, comes Mrs. Cohen, scolding as fast as she could talk and every once in awhile running back a few steps to pick up a piece of hair what's shook off. She left a trail of hair-pins twenty blocks long. Behind her comes Julius, hollering to wait for him, he's sprained his ankle, but she won't pay no attention."

"People is rubbering and three kids and four dogs are following along like it was a circus. Mrs. Cohen I guess don't weigh no more than three hundred pounds."

"Just outside Jacob's door, Cohen stops and tries to swallow his heest what's high enough up in his throat from running, for him to bite a chunk out of it, and tries to

"Julius says I should take a quick walk every morning for my health. That's what I been doing. I think to myself there ain't no harm mixing a little business with pleasure, though I don't get much pleasure, and so I drops in to tell you I wants to buy back them sweep tickets what I sold you."



Mrs. Cohen's hair matches fire from the lighter.

get his breath back, and look as cool as a cucumber.

"Then he puts on the same smile as the cat what's just eaten the canary; and don't know there is feathers stickin' all over her whiskers; and walks in.

"Hello," says Jacobs, "Whatcha been doin'—a Marathon?" "Anytime I does, lemme know," says Cohen, panting like a panther.

"'Tis printed on the end of them, 'Not transferable,' and ever since I sold them to you Jacobs, I don't feel good. It goes against my conscience, and sooner than do a wrong by Mr. Druckmeyer, I want to buy them back from you and not lose it any more sleep.

"Jacobs he says; 'Why don't you take hot baths Cohen, if you've got insomnia?

Julius being a doctor, he should know what to do."

"That's a good idea. I'm much obliged. But how about them tickets?" says Cohen.

"Jacobs asks him is that the only reason he wants them back? Maybe he heard something, perhaps they are winners! Cohen swears he never heard nothing, and right in the middle of it, the door flies open and in comes Mrs. Cohen!

"Her face is as red as fire, her hair falling down, and she has busted a under-arm seam, and she is as mad as a wet hen.

"She sees comically that Cohen ain't got the tickets back.

"'Robber!' she screeches at Jacobs, 'four thousand dollars one of them tickets won on the drawing, and you buys it for nothing almost from my weak-minded husband. Give it quick here! It was mine all the time. The tickets ain't transferable. You can't get the money. Oi! Oi! Mutter! such a cruelty to keep away from a woman the money what belongs to her.'

"Then Jacobs, he pretends to get excited. 'So that's the reason! It's four thousand dollars that keeps you awake eh? I thought you got awful sudden a conscience.'

"'It ain't for your health you chaste down here, but to cheat me, a honest man what paid you what you asked for them tickets, out of his rights. You're an angel, you are!'

"He dances up and down behind the counter, like a cat on hot bricks. 'Oh Joy! Oh Goodness! Adolph did you hear? I won the four thousand dollars by Druckmeyer's lottery business! Hooray! I will buy me such a sissy-plane with the money!'

"Just then Julius staggers in with a lame ankle.

"'Oh you will, hey?' he says. 'Well that money belongs to you no more than chalk's like cheese! Those tickets are ours, and you're a fine sand-bagger as well as a seller of phony jewelry if you don't give them up right now—this minute—at once! Popper had no right to sell the tickets in the first place!'

"No, says Cohen, butting in again. 'Well Jacobs, whatcha going to do about it?'

"Jacobs tells them they got a healthy nerve all right, but he ain't no bog and he will give Mrs. Cohen a fine diamond ring. No sir, not for six diamond rings. They all have fits again. That don't go a little bit."

Julius he starts in to call names. Mrs. Cohen begins to cry, and Cohen says he will run quick to Druckmeyer's store and tell him not to pay the money.

"Jacobs yells to Adolph to run tell Druckmeyer that he owns the tickets, and Adolph chases out of the store like a fireman looking for trouble, toward Druckmeyer's."

"Cohen and Mrs. Cohen fellow, lickety split, as tight as they can go down the street, and Julius limps along after, swearing in German, French and English. He's always putting on airs over his fancy education.

"I leave one clerk in my store and take the two others end the crowd boy and my bull-dog, and we goes too.

"Everybody stops and rubbers and says what's up? Somebody says a fire; somebody else says a murder; another one says a lottery; a girl says it's a elopement, and everybody turns in and fellows.

"Fat fellers, thin fellers, girls, womens, kids, bull-dogs, terriers, spitzes, one gruvhound, two pups and a collie and me, fatter'n a side of bacon, bringing up in the rear.

"At the second corner the blind man sees there is something doing and he puts his cup in his pocket, takes off his dark glasses and goes along; while the poor crippled pencil man puts his crutches under his arm and lags it along like the best of us.

"Say, Nathan, it was funny. People sticking their heads out windows and wondering why the fire engines didn't come. A old lady, showing a awful stretch of white stocking, and holding a green umbrella over her head, patters along just ahead of me gawping like a chicken with the pip, and every once in awhile letting out a squeak what was a cross between 'Police' and 'Stop Thief!'

"Going around a corner, somebody tripped over a ladder and three girls and a kid fell over him. Meyer Levi is awful near-righted and he fell down a coal-hole; somebody stepped on the collie's tail and the dogs began to fight; and I give you my

word, Nathan, every minute I thought I'd lost laughing. I had a stitch in my side worse as pleurisy.

"The Cohens beat the crowd to Druckmeyer's by about one minute and a half. Cohen and Julius commence to talk at the top of their voices to Druckmeyer about how he shall not pay Jacobs the money; how they are going to have him arrested; and the whole business.

"It was a great hash about poker-party, diamond ring, thought he was a friend; robber, stranger, swindler, and Mrs. Cohen having hysterics in the corner by the cigar-lighter."

"The crowd gets bigger every minute, the store is jammed, and Druckmeyer nearly goes crazy trying to find out what's the trouble."

"Mrs. Cohen's hair catches fire from the lighter, somebody yells fire, three folks turn in separate alarms, somebody phones for the ambulance, Druckmeyer's clerk throws a bucket of water all over Mrs. Cohen, two policemen come tearing up, and there is a regular hullabaloo such as I never seen since the day I was borned."

"They put Mrs. Cohen, more scared than hurt, into a carriage, and she was driven off home, shaking her fist out of the window and scolding like a Yiddish mapple, just as a fire engine, two horse cars and a hook and ladder came flying around the corner."

"Adolph whispers in Druckmeyer's ear. Then Druckmeyer asks Cohen the numbers of the tickets he had, and looks at his list."

"'Cohen,' he says, 'Can you take a joke?'

"'Somebody about the size of Max Jacobs has been playing tricks on you. Them tickets didn't win so much as a brass button, no matter who owns them. You had all your worry for nothing.'

"'Cohen and Julius pretty near drop dead while they turn all colors in the rainbow and some what sin'."

"They swear and stammer and stammer, and the crowd gets on to the joke and laughs. I bet you Nathan they felt like a nickel's worth of dog meat chopped up fine."

"Such sights as they were! Muddy, no hats, sweating rivers, lakes and seas, their collars in strings like macaroni, and about a hundred huns laughing fit to kill themselves at them."

"They scowl for home as fast as they came, while the crowd goes into kinks laughing."

"When they got to Jacobs' store, they stuck their heads in. 'Fakir,' says Cohen."

"'Send-a-bigger!' says Julius, but all Jacobs says is, 'How's your insomniac now, Cohen?'

Lubnberg rose and helped himself to a tooth-pick."

"Our poker club is hustled up into smithereens, for the Cohens they won't speak any more to the Jacobs', and I'd hate to hang until Jacobs asks them to forgive him. That feller, for all his joking, is as proud as a toad with side pockets."



ALL'S WELL

The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven,
The hillside's dew-pearled.

The lark's on the wing,
The swallow on the thorn,
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world.

The Great Game

A New Phase of World Politics: The Underlying Cause of the War between Italy and Turkey

By William T. Ellis

"A Great Game" designates the war between Italy and Turkey. Cast against the black background of international struggles in recent times it looms large in its perspective, in its significance, in its results. The details—the play, the players, the settings, the complications,—are presented in bold relief in this article by William T. Ellis, the prominent American writer and authority on Eastern questions. We need not agree with his version of the game,—indeed, we may object to his references to Britain,—but his article nevertheless constitutes the most important pronouncement of the month on the existing situation and is well worthy a careful reading by all students of world politics.

THERE are conversational compensations for life in the Orient. Talk does not grow stale when there are always the latest phases of "the great game" of international politics to gossip about. Men do not discuss baseball performances in the cafes of Constantinople; but the latest story of how Von Bieberstein, the German Ambassador, bulldozed Hanks Pasha, the Grand Vizier, and sent the latter whining among his friends for sympathy, is far more piquant. The older residents among the ladies of the diplomatic corps, whose visiting list extends "beyond the curtain," have their own well-spread tales to tell of "the great game" as it is played behind the latticed windows of the harem. It is not only in London and Berlin and Washington and Paris that wives and daughters of diplomats boost the business of their men-folk. In this mysterious, women's world of Turkey

there are curious complications, as when a Young Turk, with a Paris veneer, has taken as second or third wife a European woman. One wonders which of those heavy-veiled figures on the Galata Bridge, clad in hideous eves, is an English woman or a French woman or a Jewess.

Night and day, year in and year out, with all kinds of chess-men, and with an infinite variety of hy-play, "the great game" is played in Constantinople. The fortunes of the players vary and there are occasional—very occasional—open rumpuses; but the players and stakes remain the same. Nobody can read the newspaper telegrams from Tripoli and Constantinople intelligently, who has not some understanding of the real game that is being carried on; and in which an occasional war is only a move.

The bespectacled professor of ancient history is best qualified to trace the he-

gunning of this game; for there is no other frontier on the face of the globe over which there has been so much fighting as over that strip of water which divides Europe from Asia, called, in its four separate parts, the Bosphorus, the Sea of Marmora, the Dardanelles, and the Aegean Sea. Centuries before men began to date their calendars "A. D.," the city on the Bosphorus was a prize for which nations struggled. All the old-world dominions—Greek, Macedonian, Persian, Roman—fought here; and for hundreds of years Byzantium was the capital of the Roman and Saracenic world. The Crusaders and the Saracens did a choice lot of fighting over this battle-ground; and it was here that the doughty warrior, Paul of Tarsus, broke into Europe, as first invader in the greatest of conquests. Along this narrow line of beautiful blue water the East menacingly confronts the West. Turkey's capital, as a sort of Mr. Facing-Both-Ways, straddles the water; for Scutari, in Asia, is essentially a part of Greater Constantinople. That simple geographical fact really pictures Turkey's present condition: it is rent by the struggle of the East with the West, Asia with Europe, in its own body.

"The great game" of to-day, rather than of any hoary and romantic yesterday, holds the interest of the modern man. Player Number One, even though he sits patiently in the background in seeming stolidity, is big-boned, brawny, hairy, thirsty Russia. Russia wants water, both here and in the Far East. His whole being cries from parched depths for the taste of the salt waters of the Mediterranean and the China Sea. At present his ships may not pass through the Dardanelles: the jealous powers have said so. But Russia is the most patient nation on earth; his "manifest destiny" is to sit in the ancient seat of dominion on the Bosphorus. Calmly, amid all the turbulence of international politics, he awaits the prize that is assuredly his; but while he waits he plots and mines and prepares for ultimate success. A past-master of secret spying, wholesale bribery, and oriental intrigue, is the nation which calls its ruler the "Little Father" on earth, second only to the Great Father in heaven. If one is curi-

ous and careful, one may learn which of the Turkish sultans are in Russian pay.

Looming larger—apparently—than Russia amid the minarets upon the lovely Constantinople horizon is Germany, the Marooned Nation. Restless William shrewdly saw that Turkey offered him the likeliest open door for German expansion and for territorial emancipation. So he played courier to his "good friend, Abdul Hamid," and to the Prophet Mohammed (they still preserve at Damascus the faded remains of the wreath he laid upon Saladin's tomb, the day he made the speech which betrayed Europe and Christendom), and in return had his vanity enormously ministered to. His visit to Jerusalem is probably the most notable incident in the history of the Holy City since the Crusades. Moreover, he carried away the Bagdad Railway concession in his carpet-bag. By this he expects to acquire the cotton and grain fields of Mesopotamia, which he so sorely needs in his business, and also to land at the front door of India, in case he should ever have occasion to pay a call, social or otherwise, upon his dear English cousin.

True, the advent of the Turkish constitution saw Germany thrown crop and heels out of his snug place at Turkey's capital, while that comfortable old suitor, Great Britain, which had been biting his finger-nails on the doorstep, was welcomed smiling once more into the parlor. Great was the rejoicing in London when Abdul Hamid's "down and out" performance carried his trusted friend William along. The gloe changed to grief when, within a year—so quickly does the appearance of chessboard change in "the great game"—Great Britain was once more on the doorstep, and fickle Germany was snuggling close to Young Turkey on the divan in the dimly-lighted parlor. Virtuous old Britain professed to be shocked and horrified; he occupied himself with talking scandal about young Germany, when he should have been busy trying to supplant him. Few chapters in modern diplomatic history are more surprising than the sudden downfall and restoration of Germany in Turkish favor. With reason does the Kaiser give Ambassador von Biebertein,

"the ablest diplomat in Europe," constant access to the imperial ear, regardless of foreign-office red tape. During the hey-day of the Young Turk party's power, this astute old player of the game has been the dominant personality in Turkey.

The Britons have comforted themselves with prophecy—how often have I heard them at it in the cosmopolitan cafes of Constantinople!—the burden of their melancholy lay being that some day Turkey would learn who is her real friend. That is the British way. They believe in their divine right to the earth and the high places thereof. They are annoyed and rather bewildered when they see Germany cutting in ahead of them, especially in the commerce of the Orient; any Englishman "east of Suez" can give a dozen good reasons why Germany is an incompetent upstart; but however satisfactory and soothing to the English soul this line of philosophy may be, it drives no German merchantmen from the sea, and no German drummers from the land. The supineness of the British in the face of the German inroads into their ancient preserves is amazing to an American, who, as certain of their own poets has said,

Turns a keen, untroubled face
Home to the instant need of things.

In this case, however, the proverbial luck of the British has been with them. The steady decline of their historic prestige in the Near East was suddenly arrested by Italy's declaration of war. For more than a generation Turkey has been the pampered *enfant terrible* of international politics, violating the conventions and proprieties with impunity; feeling safe amid the jealousies of the players of "the great game." Every important nation has a bill of grievance to settle with Turkey. America's claim, for instance, includes the death of two native-born American citizens, Rogers and Mauger, slain in the Adams messengers, under the constitution. Nobody has been punished for this crime, because, forsooth, it happened in Turkey. Italy made a pretext of a cluster of these grievances, and startled the world by her claims upon Tripoli, accompanied by an ultimatum. Turkey tried to temporize.

Pressed, she turned to Germany with a "Now earn your wages. Get me out of this scrape, and call off your ally."

And Germany could not! With the taste of Morocco dirt still on his tongue, the Kaiser had to take another unpleasant mouthful in Constantinople. His boasted power, upon which the Turks had banked so heavily, and for the sake of which they had borne so much humiliation, proved unequal to the demand. He could not help his friend the Sultan. Italy would have none of his mediation; for reasons that will hereinafter appear.

Then came Britain's vindication. The Turks turned to this historic and pre-eminent friend for succor. The Turkish cabinet cabled frantically to Great Britain to intercede for them; the people in mass meeting in ancient St. Sophia's echoed the same appeal. For grim humor, the spectacle has scarcely an equal in modern history. Besought and entreated, the British, who no doubt approved of Italy's move from the first, declined to pull Tures-German chestnuts out of the fire. "Ask Cousin William to help you," was the ironical implication of their attitude. Well did Britain know that if the situation were saved, the Germans would somehow manage to get the credit of it. And if the worst should come, Great Britain could probably meet it with Christian fortitude! For in that eventuality the Bagdad Railway concession would be nullified, and Britain would undoubtedly take over all of the Arabian Peninsula, which is logically hers, in the light of her Persian Gulf and Red Sea claims. The break-up of Turkey would settle the Egyptian question, make easy the British acquisition of southern Persia, and put all the holy places of Islam under the strong hand of the British power, where they would be no longer powder-magazines to worry the dreams of Christendom. Far-sighted moves are necessary in "the great game."

Small wonder that Germany became furious; and that the Berlin newspapers burst out in denunciations of Italy's wicked and piratical land-grabbing—a morsel of rhetoric following so hard upon the heels of the Morocco episode that it gave joy to all who delight in hearing the pot rattle on the kettle. "The great game" is not without its humors. But

the sardonic joke of the business lies deeper than all this. The Kaiser had openly courted with the Sultan upon the policy of substituting Turkey for Italy in the Triple Alliance. Turkey has a potentially great army; the one thing the Turk can do well is to fight. With a suspicious eye upon Neighbor Russia, the Kaiser figured it out that Turkey would be more useful to him than Italy, especially since the Abyssinian episode had so seriously discredited the latter. Then, of a sudden, with a poetic justice that is delicious, Italy turns around and humiliates the nation that was to take its place! The whole comic situation resembles nothing more nearly than a supposedly defunct spouse rising from his death-bed to thrash the expectant second husband of his wife.

Here "the great game" digresses in another direction, that takes no account of Turkey. Of course, it was more than a self-respecting desire to avenge affronts that led Italy to declare war against Turkey; and also more than a hunger for the territory of Tripoli. Italy needed to solidify her national sentiment at home, in the face of the growing socialism and clever clericalism. Even more did she need to show the world that she is still a first-class power. There has been a disposition of late years to leave her out of the international reckoning. Now, at one skillful jump, she is back in the game—and on better terms than ever with the Vatican, for she will look well to all the numerous Latin missions in the Turkish Empire, and especially in Palestine. These once were France's special care; and are yet, to a degree; but France is out of favor with the Church, and steadily declining from her former place in the Levant, although French continues to be the "lingua franca" of merchandising, of polite society, and of diplomacy, in the Near East.

Let nobody think that this is juggling religion by the ears into "the great game." Religion, even more than national or racial consciousness, is one of the principal players. In America politicians try to steer clear of religion; although even here a cherry cocktail mixed with Methodism has been known to cost a man the possible nomination for the Presidency. In the Levant, how-

ever, religion is politics. The ambitions and policies of Germany, Russia, and Britain are less potent factors in the ultimate and inevitable dissolution of Turkey than the deep-seated resolution of some tens of millions of people to see the cross once more planted upon St. Sophia. Ask anybody in Greece or the Balkans or European Russia what "the great idea" is, and you will get for an answer, "The return of the cross to St. Sophia." Backward and even benighted Christians these Eastern churchmen may be, but they hold a few fundamental ideas pretty fast; and are ready to fight for them then their accidental brethren.

Following the gleam of the cross that is to shine again upon the church of Constantinople, which is now a mosque, we find the noisy, gesticulating, instable Greeks. Study it in some quarters, and "the great game" appears to be merely a Turco-Greek affair. War between the two countries has been imminent for two or three years. Only the good offices of the Powers have prevented it. Greece knows that Turkey can set her alive, yet she has not had the self-restraint to refrain from irritating her militant neighbor, especially over the island of Crete, which Turkey owns, but Greece claims. The population of this famous bit of land in the Mediterranean (for personal and searching criticism of Crete, consult the writings of Paul of Tarsus) is chiefly Greek; and it periodically flares out in irritating anti-Turkish incidents. It has caused the badly scared but still vociferous Greeks to be boycotted by all good Turks and Moslems; and this immense boycott has continued now for two years. Withal, Greece has furnished an excellent example of the "amari" and irresponsible bad boy, who deserves and fears a thrashing, but counts on the "big fellows" standing around to keep him from getting his deserts.

Reinforcing Greece, but by no means loving her, are the turbulent Balkan States, including doughty Bulgaria. All of these, with Greece, give aid and comfort to the Albanian and Macedonian subjects of Turkey, who are in a chronic condition of revolt. In the dim background stands Russia, with her gospel of Pan-Slavism, which is growing to be as definite and as formidable a force as

Pan-Islamism. This is her warrant for arming, offering, and even paying the troops of poor but brave little Montenegro; for arming and offering the forces of Serbia. Russia's "Little Father" is the special guardian of the Greek Church. He subsidizes the huge Russian pilgrimages to the Holy Land (these also figure in "the great game"), and he supports churches and schools by the hundreds throughout the Turkish domains. As it is the religious idea that keeps the Russian peasantry loyal to the "Little Father," so it is religious solidarity that binds Turkey's smaller neighbors to Russia.

The world may as well accept, as the principal issue of "the great game" that centres about Constantinople, the fact that the war began twelve hundred years ago by the dusky Arabian camel-driver is still on. This Turco-Islamic scrap is only one little skirmish in it. Mohammed failed to make any progress with his creed until he put the sword into the hands of his followers, and bade them smite. Swift and certain paradise was to be the reward of all who should fall in fighting the unbelievers. The surest way to win the caresses of the hours of his sensually-conceived heaven was to slay all who did not accept the prophet. In that faith Islam made its first and greatest conquests. That faith the faithful still hold. They keep their hand in by occasional massacres of Christians, and meantime dream of the possibilities of a "holy war" which shall once more make Islam master of the whole earth. The Pan-Islamic movement, which is a notable fact in the world to-day, is as truly a political manoeuvre as it is a religious propaganda.

All over the world the followers of the Prophet hail the Sultan of Turkey as Caliph, as Commander of the Faithful, as the shadow of God upon earth, and as the successor of Mohammed himself. This one fact alone accounts for the continuance of the Turkish Empire. The beholder is utterly blind to the meaning of "the great game" in the hinter East unless he perceives this first factor. The wild and warlike and ultra-orthodox Wahabites

of the Nejd are kept in alliance with the religiously lax and enervated Turks only by the Islamic tie; the fierce Kurds of the mountains of Asia Minor are brothers to the "Marsh Arabs" of the Tigris-Euphrates Valley only for the same reason; the Bedouins of the Hejaz make common cause with the mysterious Senussis, who have been accumulating great stores of arms in the hinterland of Tripoli, and latterly in the Sudan, simply by reason of their one creed. Egyptian, Persian, Indian, Sudanese, all follow the green flag of the Prophet—which is in the Sultan's keeping; and that not by virtue of his sultanate, but of his caliphate.

Not long since I was calling upon the handsome Turkish Minister of War, Shevket Pasha. Suddenly an imam, who was also a hadji, sounded in the lobby of the war office the muezzin, or call to prayer. At once there was a scurrying of uniformed figures toward the room set apart for this purpose. The army is responsible to the imam, or Moslem priest! The episode is illustrative of a great grim fact. A few days later I photographed a Turkish worship between the minarets of a mosque; I keep the picture as a symbol. "The great game" is more than a contending of nations for the control of the Bosphorus; it is a titanic struggle of the two most vital religious creeds of earth for the possession of the city that was once ancient Byzantium; and subsequently for the dominion of the world.

The end seems clearly written. The crescent may not disappear from the horizon; but at least it will not always remain, on sword and flag, as the emblem of an imperial government, holding sway over the most historic and most sacred portions of the globe. Turkey will some day pass into the possession of the other nations, and law, commerce, agriculture, and safe communication will follow the flags of modern civilization where an archaic, chaotic, grotesque religio-political empire has for centuries wielded a deadening sway. Humanity stands to win in the end of "the great game."

Love's Confidence

By Marriett Neal Dow

THE Reverend Frank Warren was young and good looking. He was likewise clever and popular. Moreover, he was engaged to be married to a fair member of his own congregation, and still retained the loyalty and admiration of the rest of her sex. That may have been partly due to the fact that Ethel Stanfield was an exceedingly sweet and charming young lady, who had never cultivated the genteel art of making enemies.

The Reverend Frank Warren was pastor of the Presbyterian church, in a thriving little town in Ontario. For the first year or so, after leaving college, he worked successfully as a missionary in Western Canada and had then accepted a call to this congregation. The Presbyterians were the most numerous and well-to-do of the four denominations in the town, and they provided a cosy little manse for their minister. Here, Frank had been comfortably established with a house-keeper for the last two years, held in affectionate esteem by his people, old and young alike, and proving himself entirely worthy of their confidence and admiration.

One evening, just after dinner, he had come up to his study, intending to begin the preparation of his next Sunday morning's sermon. But he had happened on some old note books belonging to his college days, and as he now sat turning over the pages, he was living again in memory the various scenes which these notes recorded. Suddenly from between the leaves there dropped a folded bit of paper. Frank picked it up from the desk, opened it, and read these words:

"Porgive me! I must do as Mother says." With a start of recollection, he exclaimed, "Lillian! I had forgotten I had kept that. Poor little girl!" Then, with a half-whimsical smile, "and poor little me! It

was pretty rough on us both at the time. I wonder where she is now! Married, no doubt, as I hope to be soon."

He rose, and carried the bit of paper over to the fire place, and laid it upon the coals. Just then there was a knock at the door, and his house-keeper entered, laid some letters on the desk, and withdrew. Frank roused himself from the reverie into which he had fallen, and going back to his chair, went through his evening mail. When he opened the last letter, which was in an unfamiliar handwriting, he glanced at the signature, then, with an exclamation of surprise, he turned to the first page, and read hastily through to the end.

As he read his expression changed: Surprise, pity, indignation, and perplexity followed one another in swift succession. He went through the letter the second time, slowly, then fell into a brown study, from which he at length emerged with a clearer countenance, having evidently come to some decision. He folded up the letter, put it in his pocket, and left the room and the house.

A short walk brought him to Dr. Stanfield's house. As he rang the bell, a tall, graceful girl was coming down the stairs. She hurried forward, and opened the door.

"Why, Frank!" she said, "This is a pleasant surprise! What made you change your mind?"

Frank drew her to him and kissed her. "I came to have a talk with your father, Ethel, on a rather important matter, and I want to see you too—afterwards. You were going out?"

She lifted her hands to her hat, and withdrew the pins.

"I wait," she said, smiling, "but I have changed my mind." Then in a more serious tone, "Father is in the library. Will you go right up? I shall wait for you in

the parlor." She waved her hand at him, and turned into the parlor, while Frank ran upstairs, and rapped at the library door. A cheery voice called, "Come in." When Dr. Stanfield saw who his visitor was, he threw down his paper and greeted him heartily.

"Well, Frank, glad to see you: Come right over to the fire. You must have just missed Ethel. It is not five minutes since she went out."

"I met Ethel in the hall, Dr. Stanfield. She has changed her mind, and is waiting for me in the parlor. I wished to have a talk with you first. Can you spare me a few minutes of your valuable time?"

Dr. Stanfield looked at his watch. "I can give you exactly half an hour. What can I do for you?"

"I wish to ask your advice in a personal matter—something which has just turned up."

"I shall be glad to help you in any way I can. No trouble between you and Ethel, I suppose?"

"Oh! no," said Frank, "and yet it concerns Ethel, too, in a way, and I shall want her opinion later. I shall have to tell you a story, Dr. Stanfield."

"That sounds interesting," remarked the doctor.

After a slight pause, Frank began:

"Ethel is acquainted with the first part of my story, but there is likely to be a sequel, and it will be necessary for you to know it. During my last year at College, I became engaged to a charming young girl, but our happiness was short-lived, for after her father's death, her mother, who had other views for her daughter, suddenly interfered.

"She took Lillian abroad, and I have never seen nor heard from her since. A somewhat strenuous life in a Western Mission Field gave me little time to think of my own wrongs, so gradually the memory of them faded, and when I met your daughter, my hurt was completely healed. If I thought of Lillian Morrison at all, I concluded she had made a brilliant marriage long before this. You may imagine my surprise then, when this evening I received a letter from her mother."

Frank drew the letter from his pocket, and handed it to Dr. Stanfield, saying:

"Will you please read it, and tell me what you think I ought to do."

This is what the Doctor read:

"My dear Mr. Warren:—

"It was not difficult to obtain your address, when the Ontario papers are constantly referring to the popular young minister of S——. The hard thing was to bring myself to write you this letter, for I, who once refused you my daughter's hand, now come to ask of you a favour—to be, you, if need be, to grant my request.

"I have been a proud woman, Mr. Warren, but when one's only child lies dying, nothing else matters, and I would do anything to bring my loved one even a few moments' happiness.

"Yes, Lillian is dying, and I fear—nay, I believe—through her own mother's fault. Therein lies the sting of it. For Lillian has never forgotten you, and never ceased to care for you, and when I took it upon myself to separate you and her I did a cruel thing. God knows I did not mean to be cruel. I loved my daughter, and believed it was for her good. I was ambitious for her, and determined that she should have all the comforts and luxuries that wealth could give, for Lillian was fit to grace any position the world could offer. Instead of that, I have only brought pain and suffering upon her and upon myself.

"You know when we left Montreal we went abroad. Lillian became a great favorite in London society, and was invited everywhere. She was always gay and cheerful and ready for every excitement, but I know now that her lively manner was assumed in order to hide the grief which was eating at her heart. Her nervous system could not long stand the strain, and at the end of a year she broke down. A severe illness, lasting for months, left her almost entirely helpless, and a mere shadow of her former self. The doctors could do nothing. They advised change, and we have travelled from one health resort to another, but there has been no improvement in her condition. These last few months she has been growing weaker, and the doctor here says it is but a question of a few days now. She has been very sweet and patient, but I knew there was something on her mind, and last night she confessed to a longing to see you once

more. Oh! Mr. Warren, will you come? It is a great deal to ask of you, but your presence would bring her happiness in her last hours, and I believe you will not refuse this request of a broken-hearted mother.

Clara Morrison."

"A sad letter," commented the Doctor, handing it back to Frank.

"Of course there is only one thing you can do."

"So, I think," said Frank, "but we must hear what Ethel says."

"Well, it is not every girl who would send her lover off to see a former sweetheart, even if she were dying, but if I know my own daughter, she will agree with us that it is your duty."

"Ethel is a girl in a thousand," Frank declared fervently, and yet, even knowing that, I somehow dislike the thought of having to tell her about it. I don't know why I should feel that way, but I do, and I was wondering,"—Frank hesitated, "if it would be too much—"

"To ask me to tell her?" broke in the Doctor. "Why of course I'll do that much for you, and I think I understand how you feel. Come to think of it, it is rather a curious position to be in, and if it were anyone but Ethel, you might hesitate, but Ethel will take it all right, you will see."

"Thank you, Dr. Stanfield. Now, if I go, I shall have to leave to-morrow morning. The time is short—a question of days, the doctor says. I shall be obliged to be absent one Sunday, possibly two—"

"Now, don't you worry about that," interrupted the doctor. "I'll call a meeting of the session to-morrow, and we'll make all necessary arrangements for supply."

"I see you are determined to make it as easy for me as you can," said Frank, smiling. "It is really awfully good of you. There is just one thing more. It would be better, I think, that no one but Ethel and yourself should know just where and why I am going—on Ethel's account, you know."

"That's so," agreed the Doctor. "No need for anyone to know. I'll inform the brethren that you have been called away unexpectedly by the illness of a friend, and an announcement to that effect can be made on Sunday. Will that do?"

"Perfectly. I cannot tell you, Dr. Stanfield, how grateful I am for your sympathetic understanding and helpfulness."

"That's all right, Frank. I must run now. I'll see Ethel on my way out and make her acquainted with the main facts of what you have told me. Just wait here, and I'll send her up to you. Good-bye! Do give those poor creatures all the consolation you can, and wire me when to expect you back." And the doctor hurried from the room and down the stairs, leaving the library door open. Frank stood listening to the strains of Chopin's Fifth Nocturne till they ceased suddenly. Then he went back to the fireplace and threw himself into one of the comfortable armchairs there.

It was not ten minutes before Ethel appeared. Coming straight over to him she said:

"Oh! Frank, that poor, poor girl! I feel so sorry for her."

"Then you do not mind, dear, and you think I ought to go to her?" asked Frank, as he drew her down to a seat beside him in the wide chair.

She turned her great brown eyes upon him, eyes of velvet softness, now full of tender pity.

"Mind! Why should I?" she returned, simply. "The poor little thing is dying and she has loved you and wanted you all these years. Let us give her a few hours happiness. Surely I should be a mean creature if I could begrudge her this. It is for such a short time, and our happiness is to be for always."

"How noble you are, dear—and how sweet! There is no one like you! . . . I am going to leave Mrs. Morrison's letter with you. When you have read it, destroy it. And now I must be going, as I have several things to attend to before morning."

They went down the stairs together to the dimly-lighted hall, where no one witnessed their parting but the little bird which came out of the clock to announce that it was half-past ten. But he only cried, "Cuckoo!" once, in a startled tone, and shut his little door again, with a sudden jerk.

It was evening again, nearly two weeks later, and Ethel was alone in the library. She held a book in her hand, but her eyes

frequently wandered from the page to the clock which stood on the mantel. For Frank had telephoned that afternoon of his return to town, and it was now near the hour when he had promised to be with her. She rose at last and went over to the table to lay down her book. Just then the door bell rang, and a glad light sprang to Ethel's eyes, but she remained quietly standing by the table till she heard a hurried step on the stair, and Frank stood in the door way. Then she held out her hands—it was characteristic of her that she always gave him both—and Frank came over and took them in his own, and so they stood for a full minute looking into each other's eyes. Then, with a deep sigh, he dropped her hands, and turning, walked over to the fire. She followed him, laid her hand on his arm, and said, softly:

"Do you know you have not kissed me, Frank?"

"There is something I must tell you first," he replied.

"No, kiss me first," she said.

"Ethel," he said, in a strange voice, and he turned away from her, "I do not come back to you just the same as when I went away."

She did not appear to hear what he said, but repeated:

"Please kiss me, Frank," and coming round in front of him, put her face up close to his.

He did not resist longer, but taking her in his arms, held her to him as if he would never let her go again. After a moment she freed herself, and said, in her ordinary clear, strong tones, "Now sit down there," pointing to her father's favorite armchair, "and tell me all about it," at the same time drawing up a low stool, and seating herself near him.

Frank began:

"You understand about the letters, Ethel. I had no opportunity for writing more than a line or two each day—and there were things I could not write about."

"I told you of my arrival, and of how grateful poor Mrs. Morrison was to me for coming. But Lillian! Even though I expected it, I was hardly prepared for the change in her. The sight would have

wrung your tender heart, Ethel. That terrible illness had left her, as her mother said, almost entirely helpless; she could only move her hands and her head. She had retained the power of speech, however, and up to the time of my coming, her mind had been perfectly clear and normal, but the day after my arrival, we noticed a peculiar change. She had lost sight of the four years which had elapsed since we had seen one another, and had slipped back to the days of our engagement, taking it for granted that I cared for her still as I did then. But there was something more, Ethel, and this made it harder still—she thought that I had come there for our marriage. What could I do? She only had two or three days at the most to live, and you had told me to make her happy. I could not deceive her. I did not think you would want me to, dear. And so, on the third evening after my arrival, the sad marriage took place."

Frank paused a moment, but Ethel did not speak, nor did she turn her head, and her face was hidden. He went on.

"It seemed to be all she had been waiting for. From the moment it was over, she grew rapidly worse, and early the next morning passed away. Ethel, did I do right? I think if you had been there, you would have said so. Tell me, dear, will it make any difference?" and Frank leaned over to try to see her face.

Then Ethel turned to him, and her eyes were full of tears.

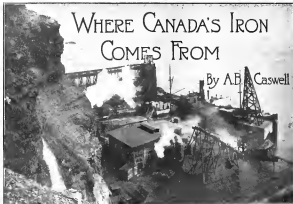
"Oh! Frank, why should it? Did you think I might blame you, that I might turn from you on account of this? Dear Lillian was dying. It was not a real marriage. She was never your wife. No, Frank, you are mine. You were mine even then, and I love and honor you all the more for your noble unselfishness. Was that why you would not kiss me? Ah! Frank, I understood you better than you understood me. I knew you could not do anything unworthy, and that you loved me entirely."

Frank drew her sweet face nearer, and kissed her again, tenderly, reverently.

"My darling!" he said, "great is thy faith, and wonderful thy love. God make me worthy of both!"

WHERE CANADA'S IRON COMES FROM

By A.B. Caswell



This is an age of construction, marked by gigantic feats of Engineering. We view the finished product in the towering building or the massive bridge, but how often do we ask: "Whence came these materials?" Here is a very little article telling how a small island off the Newfoundland coast furnishes Canada with its iron supply. And the supply is ample, too—enough to meet present requirements many times over for centuries to come.

JUST a little island, isolated and wind swept, yet occupying more real importance in the history of trade and commerce than many cities! We can get along without one city more or less but modern civilization cannot progress without the raw material necessary to the construction of its railways, its sky-scrapers and the hundred and one other uses to which that greatest of all metals, iron and steel, is put. Gold may be more precious, but gold could be better spared from the world to-day, than iron.

Nestling in Conception Bay, one of those great arms of the sea, which indent the Eastern Coast of Newfoundland, lies such an island, six miles long by two miles wide. Its coast is typical of the ruggedness of this land, famous for its rugged

scenery. Jagged cliffs rise perpendicularly out of the sea for 200 feet and over, and most of these exhibit the dark red of iron ore. It is called Bell Island, and here are located the iron mines which supply most of the raw material for the blast furnaces of Canada and many of the big smelters of the United States and Europe besides.

These are known as the Wabana Iron Mines and contain a number of seams of red hematite ore. The great seams all outcrop on the north of the island, and extensive prospecting carried on has proved that the land ore is but an infinitesimal portion of the great deposits which extend far under the sea. Slopes driven into these deposits have shown that they extend uninterruptedly for at least seven

thousand feet from the shore, and experts who have examined the "Wabana" properties have estimated that they contain hundreds of millions of tons of this high-class ore. The existence of enough to supply many times over the present requirements for centuries has already been proved, although but comparatively little of the deposit has been opened up.

The ore has a bright, metallic lustre. It is non-bessemer, and when dried contains 48 to 56 per cent. metallic iron, 8 to 15 per cent. silica, and 0.7 to 0.9 per cent. phosphorus. The ore possesses a remarkable rhombohedral cleavage, breaking into blocks about five inches square, and therefore requiring very little crushing before use in the furnaces.

The mines proper are on the north side of the island, whilst the shipping facilities, which include excellent deep water accommodation for the largest vessels, are on the south.

Transportation between the mines and the steamers is maintained by an endless cable tramway built across the island. This tramway is doubled tracked and the cars, with a capacity of about one ton each, make a continual procession across the island.

The ore cars, on arriving at the south side, run directly on a trestle, and discharge into a storage pocket below. The cliffs at this point are 200 feet high, and immediately beneath the trestle is the pocket, which was constructed by enlarging a small ravine and closing up the mouth with cribwork. The pocket holds 25,000 tons of ore, and its bottom terminates in a chute, through which the ore is delivered on a horizontal bucket conveyor,



The engine room operated at the Wabana Mines.

which carries it out through a tunnel driven through the cliff and thence along the top of the loading pier to a storage bin, whence it is delivered by a chute into the steamer's hold. So far as is known, Wabana loading records have never been equalled by use of a single chute only, as 7,000-ton steamers have been fully loaded there in three hours.

It is not definitely known when this ore was first discovered, but development was begun in 1893 by the New Glasgow Coal, Iron and Railway Co. who are now merged into the Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Co. of New Glasgow and Sydney. In 1895, the first cargo was shipped. In 1899, the lower bed which hitherto had been the only one worked, three submarine areas adjoining the shore, and all the equipment were sold to the Dominion Iron and Steel Company, which had then just been organized, and the "Scotia" Company at once began to open the "Upper" or "Scotia" bed, which they reserved because it contained the highest grade of ore found on the island.

The ore was mined by open cutting for a number of years, but in 1902 two slopes were sunk on it about half a mile apart the main levels being broken off simultaneously on both sides, at 250 feet intervals, and driven nearly at right angles to the strike, but against the dip. These two mines, which are operated on the room and pillar system, have since supplied the greater part of the ore, although open cut mining has been carried on steadily. The mines are equipped with all the necessary deckchairs, picking belts, crushers, etc. and have a capacity of 2,000 tons per day.



General view, Scotia No. 2 deckhead and ore piles.



Ore loading and coal discharging pier, Wabana.

Hoisting, drilling, pumping and underground haulage are done by compressed air.

In 1900, the Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Co. acquired the first of its present submarine areas, and increased its holdings until they comprised 33½ square miles, the Dominion Company at the same time, extending its holdings to 5½ miles. As the Nova Scotia holdings were located outside of the Dominion holdings, an agreement was reached by which the "Scotia" was enabled to drive through the intervening Dominion areas to reach its own outlying submarine ore property. Submarine slopes were commenced in May, 1905, and two years later the "Scotia" areas were entered. By the end of 1910, a point nearly 3,000 feet within the "Scotia" boundaries had been reached, and the results showed that the bold policy of sinking these slopes had been amply justified, the ore seams in the submarine areas being much thicker and somewhat richer than on the land.



Portugal Cove, Lunenburg Har., N. F. Wabana's port on the submarine.

While the two companies operating these deposits own and work different seams in the land areas, each company owns all the ore in their respective submarine holdings. In sinking the submarine slopes the "Scotia" Company drove through the upper seam. After entering their own areas, by sinking boreholes, it was discovered that the lower bed had increased very much in thickness and richness, so that it was determined to open it up. The grade of the slopes was changed, and this bed was entered in December, 1910.

To operate these submarine areas a very extensive and complete equipment has been installed. Iron mining is conducted differently from most coal mining in that the drifting is done from the surface by slopes, whereas in coal mining the shaft is generally sunk vertically some distance and the drifting done from these shafts. owing to the distance of these areas from the surface, the haulage problem was one of the chief obstacles encountered. Special



Endless track-way, from mines to steamer at Wabana.

steel bottom dump cars, operating in balance on a single drum hoist, are used by the Nova Scotia Co. to transport the ore to the surface. The haulage slopes are laid with 80-lb. standard section steel rails. A 28-hp 60 first motion Duplex steam hoisting engine, said to be the most powerful in British North America, supplied by Messrs. Fraser & Chalmers, of Edinburgh, has been installed. This engine is equipped with all the most modern brakes and safety devices. Steam is furnished by a bat-

An idea of the depth of the mine may be conceived when I tell you that at the point where we stood we were nearly two miles from the mouth of the pit and such had been the descent of the slope that above our heads was 1,088 feet of solid rock and above that again 266 feet of sea water.

The regularity of the iron contents in Wabana ore has done much to secure its adoption wherever it has been tried. British, American and German furnacemen take the larger portion of the "Scotia" output and in a number of instances they use Wabana ore as a base for regulating their ore mixtures. Until the submarine deposits had been completely proved the quantity of ore shipped to outside furnaces was somewhat curtailed, but now that



Deckhead and haulage way showing top of submarine slope, Nova Scotia mines.

tery of Sterling boilers of 464 h.p. A new deckhead of special type, in which the cars are handled without any horizontal landing, has been erected, with a very complete equipment of crushers, picking belts and conveyors.

Iron mines have not the difficulties in lighting that the coal line has as there is no fear of explosion from gas. The main slopes of the Wabana mines are all lighted by electricity, whilst the miners carry naked acetylene lamps which throw a piercing light wherever they are turned.

The writer visited these submarine areas last summer and pen can hardly describe the vastness of the undertakings and success with which they have been carried out. At a point over 8,000 feet, or nearly two miles, from the top of the slope, several hundred miners are working drifting and developing pockets in every direction.



a practically inexhaustible supply is assured, the companies will be enabled to very largely increase their sales.

Bell Island contains about 3,000 inhabitants, all of whom are directly or indirectly supported by the iron mining, and is well supplied with churches and schools, and the necessities of civilization. It is peopled by warm hearted, intelligent and hard-working Newfoundlanders and Nova Scotians. The Nova Scotia Steel Co. and the Dominion Steel Co. maintain, in addition to their magnificent plants, stores and boarding houses for the comfort of their employees.

The Music Lesson

By A. Williamson

"WHAT'S this?" questioned the pupil as she drew from the farthest corner of the music-cabinet a tattered sheet of music.

"What's what, child?" answered the old teacher, adjusting his spectacles.

"Ah!" he said, and his voice was sad and tender as he gazed dreamily at the discolored pages; "a beautiful piece of music."

"Echoes?" exclaimed the pupil glancing over his shoulder; "what a romantic title, let me try it."

Swiftly she ran over the prelude, then swung with easy grace into the opening measures, bringing out every note true and distinct, and interpreting the many expression marks with marvellous skill and precision.

Half-way through she stopped abruptly. "I don't like it," she said bluntly, "it is dull and funereal."

"Just what I thought you would say, child," answered the teacher, "you do not understand it."

"Understand it!" exclaimed she in angry surprise. "You speak plainly, Professor Maxwell. Were you flattering them when you said a moment ago that you had taught me all you knew?"

"No child! I did not flatter you, I have indeed taught you all I know, but there are some lessons we can never learn unless the Master Musician himself be our teacher. But sit down child; my words were thoughtless; I did not mean to give offence."

"The power of music," he continued, seating himself by her side, "is not in the music itself, however exquisite, else we musicians were mere mechanics and our divine art a trade."

"There is something else, call it what you will; personality, style, expression,

lacking which we simply become reproducing machines, making music pleasing to the ear, but utterly failing to reach the heart, touching its strings, and even though they be bleeding and torn, making them sing triumphant over all earthly loves and joys and sorrows.

"Thus it is that music which from the hands of one falls upon our ears in an unintelligible tangle of sound, comes to us pregnant with the exquisite harmonies of heaven under the sympathetic touch of another who understands."

"Think you that you can learn all this in the music-room, child?"

"Your young heart has yet to learn how beautiful a thing is music, withholding its charms from those who would seek to use it as a pastime, a childish game, but coming with enchanting harmonies to those who seek its matchless inspiration and comfort, when the fight is hard, and the shadows of loneliness and discouragement are drifting down."

"But be not sad child, the music of your young heart is what this grey old world needs more than anything else, and sometime, somewhere, the music you give to others will come back to you, laden with priceless jewels of strong men's tears, laughter of little children and the smiles of care-worn women; then you will understand."

The golden sun poised on the distant mountain peak; one might fancy to have paused in its downward course to flash in kaleidoscopic beauty its dying rays from crag to crag as a farewell message of hope and cheer to a darkening world; when once again the pupil comes.

Tenderly she takes from its case the beloved Stradivarius and under magic touch its vibrating strings fill the room with

quivering, sobbing melodies now crescendo until they burst into thrilling, triumphant fortissimo, now sinking into low, prayerful murmurings of unutterable sadness, yet withal, speaking in eloquent tones of that calm peacefulness, that heritage of joy that comes to those who wring from bitterest agony some sense of joy and victory, and wrest from dire disaster and defeat a glad consciousness of a duty nobly done.

The music died away in low, plaintive tones of sad good-byes, she lowered the violin and turns with a wan little smile to the old teacher.

"Ah! child, how beautiful a thing is God's best gift? Did I not tell you that some time you would understand?"

"Tell me," he added shortly, "how it is that our divine art has revealed its secret harmonies to you who are so young and beautiful?"

Slowly she walked across the room and as the flickering firelight fell upon her form he noticed her garments of mourning. With a sad smile she held out her hand displaying a wedding ring.

"He died three months ago," she said very softly.



JOURNEY'S END

Through darkest nights one star
Leads me to where you are.
A flower casts on the air
Its fragrance; you are there.

Yet is all incomplete
Until I reach your foot.
As love and faith stand sure,
So shall this quest endure.

Nor flowers nor stars need be,
When I find all in thee;
When Journey's End shall bring
A bourn to wondering.

—Alice Corey in *Ainala's*.

Poise

By Dr. Orison Swett Marden

"The attaining of an equilibrium between ourselves and the hostile forces that constantly threaten us"—such is Dr. Narden's definition of Poise. And it is true to life. The poised man—the man of balance, dignity, judgment and purpose—it is he who carries weight, compels conviction and challenges admiration. Hence the importance of Poise as an element in character building.

THE superb character in the world is he who has conquered himself so completely that his equanimity, his balance cannot be disturbed by anything which can happen to him.

His serene character is beyond the reach of "hard times" and any material disaster, for he is founded upon the rock of faith, a stable, staunch character. There is no wealth like this, no accomplishment, no achievement comparable to it.

He has failed, no matter how much money he may have piled up, whose experience has not developed within him the philosophy of optimism, and who has not gained that supreme command over himself which will enable him to stand calm and unmoved and perfectly poised, even when all of his possessions are swept away from him and he has nothing left but his character and a clean record.

It is the poised, balanced man that carries weight. The world has little respect for the man who has no poise or dignity, who dances around like corn in a hot skillet, who gets excited over little nothings and goes all to pieces at little annoyances which the balanced man would not notice.

"When a man does not find repose in himself," says a French proverb, "it is vain for him to see it elsewhere."

Do not mistake insensibility for poise or serenity.

Poise is the attaining of an equilibrium between ourselves and the hostile forces that constantly threaten us.

"If you would acquire overcoming power you must cultivate poise. You must be able to stand alone. All power is associated with immovability. The mountain, the massive rock, the sterned oak, all speak to us of power, because of their combined solitary grandeur and defiant fixity; while the shifting sand, the yielding twig, and the waving reed speak to us of weakness, because they are movable and non-resistant, and are utterly useless when detached from their fellows. He is the man of power who, when all his fellows are swayed by some emotion or passion, remains calm and unmoved."

The poised person is not a football for all sorts of influences that shake others from their centres. Like the Eddystone lighthouse, all the storms of error, of disease, of fear, hatred and jealousy, of malice, do not move him a particle.

Many people are easily disconcerted, thrown off their equilibrium by the thoughts of other people, because they are not positive enough, not well-poised enough to act as a balance-wheel for all the conflicting vibrations which strike them.

The great balance-wheels of our big factories take up into themselves all of the violent shocks of the machinery and prevent its being racked to pieces. The machinery runs smoothly because of the enormous reserve power in the balance-wheel.

Every individual should have a mental balance-wheel, a character, so that no matter how great the shocks of error, or discord, of hatred, of malice, or of jealousy, the mental machinery would run quietly, smoothly, without a quiver.

The person who is the victim of all sorts of influences that are constantly changing his vibration never knows where he stands. There is no poise in his life. People do not have confidence in him because they never know when he is going to be shaken from his centre. It is the balanced soul that carries weight, that is always looked to for great responsibility.

I know one of these serene souls, a man so perfectly poised, so exquisitely balanced that it does not matter what happens to him. Nothing disturbs his serenity. No matter how the storms of jealousy and envy, of malice, hatred rage about him, the flame of his life burns without a flicker. He seems immune to all these influences. Their destructive shocks are all taken up and neutralized by his great mental balance-wheel.

I do not believe the person lives who could disturb this man or make him angry by any threat or criticism, any denunciation or vituperation. He would smile through it all.

There are plenty of people whose vibrations are changed, who are thrown off their balance by foods which they believe do not agree with them. Their vibrations are also changed by any reflection upon their conduct, upon their honesty or their judgment. They are thrown off their balance a dozen times a day by the merest trifles.

Now, these people never exert a great deal of influence, never carry much weight in their community. It is dependableness that counts. The world must know where to find a man before he gets its confidence. We not only want to know where a man is going to stand in pleasant weather, but we also want to know where he will stand when the storms which topple light-weights and up-root bellow-headed superficially planted human trees rage about him.

Warriors, people whose lives are full of fear, are always unpoised, ineffective. They are playthings for all sorts of discordant vibrations which come from others, because they are not positive, be-

cause they have not discovered their own powers and are unable to neutralize them.

The soul that is centred in the great "I am," has touched power. He cannot be afraid, and he will not know want. He does not doubt his strength, does not lack confidence.

Nothing will have power to disquiet or discourage him, because he will know that nothing outside of himself can cripple him or work him harm. He will be master of his forces, mental and physical, and will work in perfect harmony with the Divine Power, which knows no shadow of weakness or discord.

Men who topple over easily, who are easily thrown off their balance, never become leaders. They do not furnish the bulwarks of civilization. It is the man who cannot be shaken from his centre that is in demand everywhere.

When you have lost your temper and are being tossed this way and that way by the passion raging within you, your vibration has been changed by some outside influence—either a tone, a voice or an insulting word—someone's mistake, some fancied injury, you cannot control yourself because you have lost control of your own vibration, and your agitation is teased by someone else, or by some source outside of yourself.

Now, when a person is perfectly poised, he is in a very positive mental condition, and he is able to change all negative vibrations that come to him from others. As long as he can do this, as long as he is master of the situation, he cannot be thrown off his centre or lose his poise. And no one is in a position to express his maximum of power until he reaches this perfectly poised state.

Poise delays old age. People who are constantly losing their mental balance, who live much of the time in an unpoised state, age rapidly, because all friction wears the delicate mental mechanism. Like sand in the bearings of a delicate machine, it grinds, seeps. Friction always favors the old age processes, while harmony retards them. If we could always live in harmony and keep the mind active, growing, fresh with the constant contemplation of youthful, fresh, progressive ideals, the aging processes could not get in their deadly work.

Many people say a lot of their energies by their insistent habit. They are always trying to control the conduct of other people. They are set in their idea of things and want everybody about them to do things their way, to follow in their steps.

We have all had experience with the man who wants to run everything and everybody, and tries to make everybody think as he does, who wants to dictate other people's religion and politics.

For the sake of our own peace of mind and growth we must learn to let things go which we have not the right to control or regulate and not to feel troubled that we have to do so.

Quit trying to run things, to control everybody. You will find that learning to let go, ceasing to try to control everybody will give your own life a wonderful poise and uplift. You can never control yourself while you are trying to control the acts of others. Quit resisting, it saps your energy. Get your life poised and then you will express power.

"Who is serene? Not he who flees his kind;
Some desert fastness, or some cave to find;
But he who in the city's noisiest scene
Keeps calm within—he only is serene."

Everyone should be so balanced as to be able to control himself, to remain harmonious, no matter what negative vibrations are beating upon him from the outside.

He should be so perfectly poised that he can always predict his actions, always know to a certainty that, no matter what may arise, he can keep his balance and control his act.

Discord is an abnormal condition, and has no right or part in the world which God made and pronounced "perfect." God is Harmony and could not create discord. He is Love, and He could not create hatred or jealousy or envy. Hence they cannot be real, because there is only one Creator, and He cannot make anything unlike Himself. In God's world fear, dread, anxiety, melancholia, pessimism, sin, deformity, disease, jealousy, envy, have no rightful place. The man God made must be perfect because there is no imperfection in His nature, and He could not produce anything unlike Himself.

Yet a man may thrust himself out of this God-made world, out of harmony, out of beauty, out of joy, happiness, success, into a world of wretchedness, darkness, of disease, or deformity and death through his own voluntary wrong thinking and acting.

There is a great help in thinking of, holding mentally, the quality which you are trying to produce in your mind, to bring about in your thought.

If you hold persistently the thought that you were made for happiness, and that no discordant condition, no unhappy thought has any right to mar your harmony, you will soon learn to drive away all discordant conditions, and you will live in perpetual serenity.

If, for example, you are trying to produce mental peace, think a great deal about peace and serenity, hold the peace model graphically, persistently in your mind; this will be a powerful suggestion and will tend to bring about what you desire. No matter how discouraged or nervous you feel, just say to yourself, "I am poised, I am peace, serenity, in the truth of my being, because I am the product of perfection, and I must reflect the image of perfection, and perfection is peace." Try to feel the part you are trying to play, just as an actor would; try to feel serene, poised, balanced, quiet. You will be surprised to see how this suggestion will react upon the discord and tend to produce the harmony which you desire.

No matter what you seem to lack, you will be wonderfully helped by the constant affirmation of the "I am." It will work wonders in restoring, building up, strengthening your confidence in yourself, and giving you poise and self-control.

People who lack poise are the "I can't," "It is no use" people. The failure army is full of them.

Few people fail in this world who have discovered themselves and become conscious of their real power, who have become poised, and consequently proof against all discordant vibrations.

No man has really succeeded who has not arrived at complete self-mastery, who does not hold all of his powers and faculties in hand so that they obey his will implicitly. Of what use are powers and faculties if we cannot command them, if

they are going to fly off on a tangent in an emergency, just at the time when we need them most?

The man who cannot keep his centre under all circumstances, who cannot control the fires of temper within him, who has not power to smother the volcano of his passion, cannot boast of self-mastery—he has not arrived at real success. The man who gets off his throne and lets anarchy reign, who lets passion rule in the place of his will, has not arrived at real manhood. When the beast has assumed the seat of government, the man has lost his centre; when he allows passion to usurp his place, he is off his balance, and he acknowledges that he has not arrived at self-mastery.

If you have found your centre, if you have become complete master of yourself, it does not matter what happens about you, what disasters or misfortunes may come to you, you will not lose your head, you will not be disturbed, for you revolve upon a true centre.

One of the secrets of Grant's power was his wonderful serenity of mind, his mental balance, his perfect poise under all circumstances. Men who were with him in great emergencies, in accidents when everybody around him was greatly agitated and excited, marvelled at his wonderful balance and calmness. He kept his equanimity of temper, his perfect balance under the most trying circumstances. It did not matter what the aggravation was, or how trying the situation, nothing could throw him off his centre.

Gov. Beane, who was Secretary of Treasury in his Cabinet, said that he was with him in a railroad accident, and that when the train was off the track and the wheels struck the sleepers, General Grant simply reached forward, took hold of the seat in front of him, without showing the slightest agitation of mind, or fear and held on firmly until the train came to a standstill.

Undoubtedly this serenity of mind had a great deal to do with the fact that he "was the one great military general in history who never was driven by fear when he was in command."

Most of us have some vulnerable point, some weak, sensitive spot where we are

easily wounded. It is a great art to learn to guard this weak point.

The gaining of one's centre, the attaining to this complete self-mastery, becoming so perfectly balanced that one never hesitates, no matter what happens, is success indeed. This is the last lesson of culture.

When your vulnerable point, your weak point is assailed, ah! there is the test of character. There is no difficulty in protecting ourselves when assailed where our armor is thick and strong, where we are thick-skinned; but when a thrust is made at our sore spot where we are weak and sensitive and thin-skinned, when attacked at our vulnerable point, this is quite another matter.

I know a business man who is so strong in most parts of his character that it is almost impossible to throw him off his centre. He can stand almost anything when attacked at most points, but has one vulnerable spot, and, at the slightest attack there, goes all to pieces.

Hit him anywhere else, pound him as much as you please, and you cannot disconcert him; he will remain calm, unmoved. But the moment you touch him on his sensitive spot, he will rave like a madman and fly into a fearful passion.

This man towers so high above most people about him in most respects, that they seem dwarfs, mere mannikins beside him; and yet he will sacrifice position, reputation, everything if his sensitive spot is touched.

The result is, that instead of the giant he might be, he is a weakling. He does not carry so much weight in his community as men with a tenth part of his ability, but who are better poised, because everybody knows that he is likely to go to pieces at a very critical moment if his weak point is touched.

I know another young business man who never loses his temper or self-control under any circumstances, no matter how trying, or provoking, or how aggravating; and yet he is naturally extremely sensitive.

He has gained this self-mastery by years of training in self-control. He early made up his mind that he could not command others if he could not control himself.

His wonderful mind poise seems to be largely acquired, because he says that he was very quick-tempered in his youth. But he has become a leader of men. And he says that no one who has not experienced it can have any idea of the great satisfaction, the gratification, the advantage of being able to keep a perfectly poised mind.

He says that it is an immense advantage to be able to say just what he wants to—the wisest, the most prudent thing—in a perfectly calm manner even under the most enervating conditions, when the other man has lost his head completely and does not say what his wisdom dictates, but what his passion, his prejudice, his spleen, his love of revenge, his innate desire to get square with the other fellow impels for the moment. In other words, it is the brute that rules, and not the man.

The man who loses his temper and cannot say what he ought to or wants to until his fit of anger has passed, or until his hot temper has cooled and the damage has been done, has a great respect for the men who can stand calm and unmoved amidst a storm of abuse, and be able to say to and to do the wisest and the best thing.

I know a man who was a natural born actor, who had great mental power, who is a superb impersonator of character, yet he has never risen above the little, petty stage parts, because he cannot get along with the managers. He is always quarrelling with anyone who touches his sensitive spot. He uses good judgment in most things, but he sacrifices all of his prospects by his hot temper. He is going through life a disappointed, disgruntled man, conscious of great powers which he cannot use, doing little, plac-

id things when he is really capable of doing great things but for this weakness which handicaps him.

Everywhere we see people capable of taking star parts in life's great drama, playing little, petty roles on life's great stage, because of some little weakness which they have never been able to master.

"Who does not love a tranquil heart, a sweet-tempered, balanced life?" says someone. "It does not matter whether it rains or shines, or what comes to those possessing these blessings, for they are always sweet, serene, and calm. That exquisite poise of character which we call serenity is the best lesson of culture; it is the flowering of life, the fruitage of the soul. It is as precious as wisdom, more to be desired than gold, yes, then even fine gold."

It was characteristic of the late Grover Cleveland to keep his mental balance, and this made him a power when other people around him became agitated, excited; he was always calm, serene, and seldom showed the slightest agitation.

When man learns the great secret of power, he will not be troubled at all by the things which upset others; he will not lie awake nights worrying about his business; he will not be so filled with fear of dyspepsia or physical derangement that he cannot eat; he will know that he is a part of the Creator's principle that rules everything, and that nothing can harm him except his own delusions or misconceptions.

The men whom God made will have perfect peace and be calm and serene on all occasions; the coming man and woman will not know unrest or worry, for they will absorb the secret of the Eternal principle of omnipotent power.

We do not know anything about our own resources until we have taught ourselves to stand alone. Not until we can think for ourselves, decide for ourselves, and act for ourselves do we become more than infants in the moral universe.

—Angela Morgan.

Timkins' Corner

By Alan Sullivan

"DECEMBER wheat closes 85-78 to 86." The boy at the ticker drewled it lazily and Timkins traced the figures on the blackboard; small, neat, modulated figures that admitted of no misreading. Then there was a noise of shuffling feet and swinging doors, and the fat men who had been sitting with fat cigars in front of the board drifted out till ten o'clock should strike on the Chicago gong in the morning. Timkins looked after them with something of contempt. They daily filled the offices of Ward & Thompson, but they were only the unavoidable fringes of humanity that every broker must suffer in silence. To them a five thousand bushel deal, which was also the minimum, was enormous, portentous. The loss of a point was disastrous and more or less eliminating. But the real clients of Ward & Thompson never appeared. When one of the partners put his head out of the private office took a swift glance at the board and vanished as swiftly, then the loafers looked wise and nodded, and Timkins knew that something was doing. Who the big men were he did not know; all he knew was that the few were making money hugely, in inconceivable amounts, and that the little fellows were ceaselessly feeding them, just as ceaselessly as the small organisms of the deep sea swim into the whale's distended jaws.

That is what he was thinking when the office boy began to sweep up the cigar butts, and from that his mind turned to home. Timkins had very fixed ideas about home, much too fixed his wife said, for Timkins had worked it out something like this: A man may take risks if he does not risk anything, except himself, but when there are others involved, it is an

entirely different thing. Thus, when one's wife and two children are dependent upon one's twenty dollars a week, risks are out of the question. Arabel did not look at it this way. She credited Timkins with unparalleled genius that only needed an opportunity to assert itself. She read the stock reports and the grain markets; she upbraided Timkins with the chances he daily lost, and was, in fact, an embryonic plunger. But her husband knew that he could not move very far without running up against his own limitations. So he just held his head and smoothed down Arabel's ruffled plumage, and spent his Sunday afternoons with the children, instead of figuring out liabilities.

Now, it takes a mind of a certain calibre to be contented with the twenty dollars a week that had just been slipped into his upper inside pocket, and to smilingly combat marital complaints at one and the same time; and Timkins, in spite of himself, was getting a little tired of it. So, for once in his life, instead of making for the nearest subway station the moment the office closed, he settled down in one of the big leather chairs and gave himself over to day dreams. The boy departed in a trail of dusty air which the July afternoon sun transformed pleasantly into alabaster of dancing light. Ward & Thompson disappeared with a banging of doors to their waiting motor cars. The mingled sounds of traffic in the canyon street below drifted up and into the silent board room, and Timkins stretched himself with a new strange sense of unhampered and personal freedom.

Just where his mind took him, he cared not. For once he had divorced himself from the small confining strangling influences that had dominated him for years.

Love is not getting, but giving; not a wild dream of pleasure, and a madness of desire—oh, no, love is not that—it is goodness and honor, and peace and pure living—yes, love is that, and is the best thing in the world, and the thing that lives longest.

—Henry van Dyke.

He was waiting—for something—he did not know what, but he was waiting, and his eyes were heavy.

Presently he rose with a start, seized his hat and descended three flights to the street. A motor car was there, and, at the sight of him, the chauffeur touched the peak of his cap and reached back to open the paneled door. Timkins never looked at him, but stepped lightly in. "Home," he said sharply. Then the car glided forward and Timkins looked carelessly about.

A bunch of carnations smiled from a cut-glass holder, and a box of cigars lay on the cushions beside a pile of evening financial papers. He selected a weed, and, leaning forward, picked up an electric cigar lighter and projected from a gilded socket; then he settled back in the corner and smoked thoughtfully.

The car moved majestically up Broadway, turned into Seventh Avenue, traversed that wide thoroughfare from end to end, and swung across west to Riverside Drive, and, all the time, Timkins sat back in his corner and stared straight ahead with unseeing eyes.

At the iron gateway of a big stone house that looked across at the Palisades, the motor stopped, and the little man slowly ascended. The plate glass doors opened at his approach, and a footman said respectfully: "Mrs. Timkins is in the morning room, sir," and there Timkins found her. Arabel was radiant, and kissed him affectionately. "Had a heavy day, dear?"

"Not very," said Timkins diffidently, "going out?"

"Crash at the Vanderheims. Can't very well get out of it, but I depend on you for to-night."

"Open?" said Timkins, thoughtfully. "Can't do it. Too much on."

His wife looked at him anxiously. "Fred, can't you be content? Do you want it all?"

"I want my and of it," replied her husband, with a nervous decision, "and I'm going to get it. Don't worry about me, run off and enjoy yourself."

He watched her admiringly. Arabel had never looked so well. Prosperity was neat and drink to her nature, as much as to her plump and favored body. And the children, no less than their mother, had taken to it like ducks to the farm-yard

pond. Fred, junior, was at Princeton; Arabel, junior, was getting a continental finish in Paris. Timkins was securing all round value for his money. There was no question of that.

He strolled into the immense bronze and leather library, and reviewed the markets. The reports had begun to reflect his own preconceived opinions, those opinions on the strength of which he had mortgaged everything and plunged, even as Arabel had pleaded. By small, but gradually increasing units, he had sold stocks and bought wheat, using the profits on his sales to increase his holdings. There had, of course, been reverses. Looking back on them, he laughed that the term should have been employed—but now, the position was briefly this:

Timkins was very long on wheat, he was a big bull. In the spring his agents had been everywhere, in Russia, India, the Argentine, and all over the great wheat-bearing area of the United States. And one by one the confidential reports had drifted in. Russia had no reserves and tension on the German boundary was acute; an offensive alliance had been secretly arranged between Turkey and the great German Kingdom, involving the closing of the Black Sea in case of war, and that would tie up the Russian supplies. India was dried out, the cracked earth refused to germinate seed, and durum was selling at twice last year's price in the bannars. As to the Argentine, whose President was a close friend of Timkins, private advices were that the old trouble with Chile threatened to break at any moment, and Chile had sent her fleet with sealed orders eastward round the Horn; the fleet of fifteen super-dreadnoughts, on which Vickers Maxim and the Orange had been working double time for the last three years. And for the United States, the story was—rum—perhaps a quarter of the previous year's crop held over, and available.

All these things, and a thousand more, moved through Timkins' mind as he read the daily reports that had come in over his private Chicago and Winnipeg wires; for half of his business was done in Winnipeg, which now distributed the vast product of Western Canada.

December wheat—he reckoned the storm would burst before December—had opened at 1.10, declined to 1.09, risen in quick spasmodic jumps to 1.12½ and closed, nervous and excited, at 1.11¾. The previous month he had bought over ten million bushels, between 85 and par, and added them to millions more that had been quietly picked up before the news of European restlessness reached the sensitive nerves of the American markets. But now the omens were unmistakable.

Timkins lighted another cigar and thought hard. He had begun to recognize certain changes in his own temperament and point of view. He had decided that the world owed him personally a good deal, and he was out to get it. And, with the thought of his own power, came also the idea of absolutism, only an idea so far, but still pressing and formative enough to demand recognition and consideration. Some men would have shrunk from the thought of having myriads of others under their sway, but Timkins had proved so completely to his own satisfaction how helpless most men are that the dream of dominion over them did not seem either unnatural or unreasonable. Then and there the ambition took root. He pondered and brooded over it, deaf to Arabel's pleadings for his company at the opera. The ego in him had found itself and was alive, and it was under the domination of that ego that he laid those gigantic plans which shortly focused on him first the attention and then the fear of the world at large.

The next morning the grain market was convulsed and wheat leaped skyward, but he did not buy. He sold a little at top prices instead, and within the next week foreign news took on a more amicable aspect. Then wheat settled down, and he bought silently and avidly, till the government report came out to set the pot boiling again, and simultaneously news flashed from Magellan that the Chilean fleet had passed the straits, and was headed north. Wheat again jumped in quick chaotic spurts—but there was no wheat for sale.

That evening he received a petition from two of the largest firms in Chicago.

They were short—would he settle—and at what terms?

Timkins smiled grimly as the strings began to tighten. He settled, for wheat, that is for the wheat itself, to be delivered at a given point on the Atlantic coast; and for weeks the hardened cars dumped it into his warehouses by trainload and trainload.

Then a word sped to Winnipeg, and there arose at Brandon storehouse after storehouse, and soon their floors were deep in the tribute of the prairie farms.

Just about this time things began to happen in Europe; and, at the suggestion of the German Ambassador to Constantinople, mines were sown across the Bosphorus, and the Prussian North Atlantic squadron was ordered to patrol the Baltic. Thus, you will see, Russian wheat was as completely locked up as though it were all in the safest of deposit vaults. But it is not to be supposed that Timkins himself was lost sight of in the turmoil. The papers took care of that, and such is the power of power itself, the very overwhelming strength of the man's position invested his small insignificant personality with strange and portentous qualities. By this time also he had so guarded his position that he was an international personage, a citizen no longer of one republic, but one who had sent out tentacles and filaments of influence that began to be felt in every great community.

On the Grain Exchange there was hardly an appreciable business. Timkins occasionally sold—a little—but it was a drop out of the vast resources he had collected. Stocks dropped, as he knew they must drop, and he covered his short sales and built more storehouses. The season for planting fall wheat came around, and such was planted by his mercy, for so completely had the rust destroyed the western grain that only from Alberta and Saskatchewan were any considerable supplies available, and Timkins had cornered those. Then came that hour, that great hour, when strive as he might, the despot was born in him. Up to this time he had been a latent, a potential, despot.

One evening, alone in his big library, he received a joint deputation from the English and American Governments;

wise, grave man who carried the burden of the well-being of nations on his shoulders. Their mission was unfolded with diplomatic delicacy, and, listening to it, Timkins was divided between a bursting pride and a ghastly desire to laugh aloud at their helplessness. The two spokesmen were the American Secretary of the Interior and the English Minister for foreign affairs. When they had finished and told him the things he knew they were going to tell him, he broke out:

"I won't do it. Why should I? Who put me where I am? Myself. I owe no man anything."

"Humanity must suggest"—put in the Secretary.

"Curse humanity! What did it ever do for me, except try to grind my life out for a pittance. Humanity is going to learn something now, and learn it from me."

He walked up and down the long room with quick, jerky strides: "You talk about the remedy of legislation. Do you remember a speech you made this last summer when you pointed out to the labor unions what you called 'the sacred right of property'? I heard that speech, and it was a darn good one. Now I want to point out to you the sacred rights of my property, and tell you that no legislation can ever take it out of my hands."

"You propose to visit the sins of the unjust upon the just," said the English diplomat, soberly. "I can hardly believe that."

"Visit nothing," sneered Timkins. "When I want to give wheat away, I'll give it—when I don't, I won't—that's all there is to it."

The Secretary of the Interior was thinking very hard. "Mr. Timkins, put it this way: You have attained an extraordinary—an unparalleled position. You are in a sense a dictator of the civilized world, and, as such, you have enormous responsibilities. It lies with you to make the name of American revered or loathed. "What—" he said earnestly—"what are you going to do about that?"

The chest of Timkins expanded and his eyes flashed. That was it. From the mouth of a statesman the word had come. The dictator of the world. Suddenly he felt akin with the great ones of history, and through his veins sped something

divinely strange. Now he would show that he was indeed a dictator.

"Gentlemen," he replied, "at this time to-morrow and here, I will dictate my terms."

The two glanced at each other. "At this time to-morrow," they repeated, and, bowing, left him alone in the big boudoir and leather room.

Timkins, plunged in meditation, sat for hours staring into the fire. The great house had subsided into slumber till only its omnipotent master moved within it, and even he, dazed with the fruition of all his desires, moved but seldom. The facts as he reviewed them were briefly these: Russia was at war on the German frontier; so far as wheat was concerned she had enough, but none could pass the inflexible mines of the Bosphorus. As for Vladivostok, he had agents there to pick up anything that came in over the Transiberian. India was hungry. Riots had commenced at Bengal and Nepal, and the English administration was importing rice from China, and people generally were at their wit's end. Down at Argentina the Chilean fleet was pouring shells into Buenos Ayres, whose capitulation was daily expected. In the interior the wheat was locked up, much of it hidden from the expected hosts of the invader.

There remained then, Canada and the United States. As to Canada, limited supplies were being forwarded to England by Timkins' wish, but so limited were they that the transcontinental lines were ribbed with miles of empty box cars, and rushing locomotives. (Timkins had leanings to woe England, for his father had been a Yorkshire tyke, and worked in the woolen mills of Huddersfield.)

Last of all, the great republic was swept bare of wheat, except that doled out for farmers' seed. The big mills at Minneapolis were running quarter time on Timkins' allowance, and flour was retailing at ten cents a pound. His storerooms, bursting with grain, were surrounded by armed guards, themselves jealously watched by lean militia and State troops. The world was on edge, and, in spite of himself, in spite of all the fortifications of his vast power, Timkins began to wonder. Then through the silence of the vast house, past his own private detectives that paced the

grounds, faint suggestive sounds began to drift in; sounds that he knew could never reach him there, but that somehow did reach him. There was the sound of a child crying, a weak plaintive note that brought back uncertain snatches of memory of the months that followed the birth of Arabel, junior. Then the sound of women weeping, that seemed almost to perpetuate the hunger and suffering of women all the world over; and, beneath that, a deeper, stronger tone, the tone of curses and groans and horrible muttered threats and imprecations of men whose souls were turning them to death and destruction. He listened for a while, pushing his hands out into the air; but the faint noises seemed to slip his fingers and assail his ears again. Then he walked uncertainly over to a cabinet and poured out a glass of whisky: "Till to-morrow," he said nervously, "just till to-morrow," but that night the detectives were doubled.

Within the next twenty-four hours the Black Sea squadron of the Russian fleet was blown to pieces in the Bosphorus, and there had been a severe naval engagement in the Baltic with honors even and much loss of life. Rioting had started amongst the foreign laborers in Pittsburgh, suppressed also with many casualties, and the United States War Department had organized a militia patrol in most of the larger cities. Timkins knew it all as soon as it happened, but he was too busy working out his terms to be much affected. Then, promptly at half past eight, his visitors were announced.

He had spent some time in considering how his terms should be delivered, there was enough of the dramatic in him for that, but, when the two statesmen faced him, there was something in their grave demeanour that banished everything eloquent, and he became, as ever, his brisk unmodulated self.

"Gentlemen, my terms," he said, and handed them a single sheet scrawled with four paragraphs of his own methodical handwriting.

The Secretary received it and glanced at the Englishman with lifted brows.

"Please," said the latter.

"I require that Chile and the Argentine shall at once sign a treaty of peace for the

next one hundred years, and that war be terminated forthwith.

"Also that Germany and Russia come to similar terms.

"I require that the United States immediately pass legislation that no individual shall in the future buy or possess more than five million bushels of wheat.

"In consideration of which, I make over to the United States Government all my present holdings of wheat at a price of ten per cent. above the cost price to me."

The committee of two stared hard at Timkins. He met it defiantly: "My terms, gentlemen; those are my terms."

The statesmen exchanged glances and the Secretary spoke, "Your terms are impossible, sir."

"Why?" said Timkins doggedly.

"In the first place, we have no right over the powers at present at war. Their affairs are their own. International amenities make our interference impossible.

"In the second place, such legislation as you demand is equally impossible. No government can determine what a private individual shall buy or in what amount." He looked at the English Minister: "I think we are agreed on this."

The latter bowed. "Is there no alternative?" he said shortly.

Timkins' eyes, brilliant with excitement, darted from one to the other, then he addressed the Secretary.

"You say you have no right over the powers at war. Do you believe that if England and the United States demanded the stopping of these wars they would go on?"

"They hardly could go on," the Secretary said with the ghost of a smile, "but—"

"Would it engage England and the United States in war to demand it?" snapped Timkins.

"We don't think so, as matters armament stand at present," said the Englishman with a touch of pride.

"These wars are killing more people than I am," said Timkins savagely. "You can stop them, but you don't. Why don't you?" he burst out. "You can rule the world for peace, just as I rule it for wheat. Why don't you?"

For a moment neither spoke, then the Secretary asked: "And as for the rest?"

"As for that I'll tell you. I've cornered wheat, and, I don't want anyone else to corner it—over. I've done it; I just had to do it; but it's bad, it's rotten. Just the same, I want the Timkins corner to be the last of them all. You don't know what brokers are. We take a sort of pride in a corner, and mine is a big one, as you'll both admit. Now, do you see? Just patch up peace and do a little legislating and I'll drop out. I've had enough. I'm tired—I'm—what's that?"

Two rifle shots barked outside in quick succession, and the big plate glass window at the end of the room flew in splinters. On the instant the three men ducked and a bullet sang overhead and buried itself with a cough in the third volume of Carlyle's French Revolution.

Through the shattered glass came the sound of shouting and factory whistles and the sharp clatter of racing feet on the stone pavement. Behind and beneath all this was a dull turbulent murmur, through which a loud shouting broke sharply and grew momentarily louder. Then came the unmistakable multitudinous roaring of thousands of men, a roaring that was terrible with threats and imprecations of death and destruction.

"What is it, gentlemen?" said Timkins, piteously. "What is it?"

"Your terms have come a little too late, that is all," said the Englishman quietly; then he crooked his finger toward the street. "They will make the terms now—not you."

A quick word of command sounded in front of the house, followed by a hull, in which Timkins shivered as he heard the snapping of breech locks, then another word, more terrible still, and the rifles cracked.

"Stop it," he shouted racing toward the window. "Stop it. Give them everything. For God's sake stop it."

He turned to the two statesmen. Both were standing very still, their faces pale, their hands folded, and somehow he thought they looked as if they were praying. "Save me," he shrieked in terror, "they're coming! they're coming!"

The Secretary's eyes rested on him for a moment. "This is the end of the Timkins' corner," he said gravely.

A rush of feet swept along the hall, then came a sharp hammering at the door. The two men did not move, but Timkins jumped in a vain effort to hold it. He felt a fierce pressure, and suddenly it burst into splinters at his face. He fell back dead with the shock, and, rubbing his eyes, could see nothing but blackness.

Rub as he would, everything seemed black, and then, slowly, small white spots began to flicker, and gradually steadied down into figures; neat modulated figures that admitted of no misreading. "December wheat closes 85½ to 86," that was it. His head was on the floor of Ward 8 Thompson's office, his bruised face turned toward the black expanse of the quotation board. Lying motionless, slowly winning back to conscious existence, his eyes shifted to the clock. The hands were on the stroke of seven. "Good Lord!" he said soberly, "where have I been? Good Lord!"

The hour sounded and he scrambled to his feet, seized his hat and wobbled unsteadily toward the door, "What will Arabel say?" And all the way home, as the brilliant subway train bore him northward, that was the question, "What would Arabel say?"

A little later he knew. Still dazed, still fumbling mentally to find and hold himself, he felt Arabel's arms about his neck. "I have been so anxious, dear. What kept you?"

It was too hard to say what had kept him. "I was tired, Arabel, and tried to rest, but," his words lost themselves, and he could only look about and see with enormous relief that all the old accustomed things were as he had left them.

"You tried to rest in the office and could not, so you came home. Was that it?" she said with a sudden rush of motherhood.

"That was it, my dear," said Timkins. "I could not. So I came home." He fumbled in his pocket and held out a small yellow envelope with two figures marked in the top left-hand, and his name in the top right-hand corner.

"As usual?" a keen Arabel with a lift of her eyebrows.

"Yes, my dear," he said cheerfully, almost thankfully: then, hesitating a moment added with much decision, "As usual."



A modern residence in which chimneys are placed in good advantage in order to secure an attractive effect.

Chimneys

By John Holt

"The first mediæval chimney was not so much a chimney as a crack in the wall." So writes Mr. John Holt in the third of his series of articles now running in MacLean's Magazine. This month, he deals with chimneys—a queer subject, many will remark, and yet one replete with features of interest. How did chimneys originate, by what means have they been improved, and what are the most modern ideas regarding them? Do you know? But that is another story. You will know the better after reading the article.

WHEN the hearth shifted to a position under the new invented chimney there was considerable protest on the part of more conservative individuals. Obviously this was a step, and a serious one, in the decadence of the race. What were things coming to? What would become of a generation too weak-lunged and snaky to breathe a little healthy smoke? Besides, think of the cattle! Who was going to keep cattle in the house if there was no thick aromatic smoke to counteract the smell? Gadzooks! gossip, the country's going —!

But the effeminate chimney and the decadent fireplace came to stay and had due

effect in producing the narrow-chested, soft-handed weeklings who sailed the sea for Elizabeth and later, who won a new world from the forest and the Indians. The old croakers mumbled invectives against new fangled notions from comfortable benches in the chimney corner.

The first mediæval chimney was not so much a chimney as a crack in the wall. The hearth in the middle of the hall was but all very well as long as the hall was but one storey high. Easy enough to have a hole in the roof with a bourse to cover it and let the smoke find its way between the rafters. But when the Norman barons took to building keeps with several floors



An imposing chimney at the front of the house represents a style of treatment that is growing in popularity.

it is obvious that this simple expedient would not answer.

At first no doubt the lord and his lady shivered along through the winter with their blue fingers extended over a brazier, or the expedient was tired of lighting a fire in the embrasure of a window through which the smoke might be hoped to find its way. Then some ingenious architect hit on the idea of an embrasure made especially for the fire with an aperture sloping upwards from the top through the thickness of the wall to carry off the smoke.

After a time the sentry on the battlements complained that sparks flew upward from the crack in the wall and incapacitated him for duty by lodging in his eyes. For some years the sentry complained, and his lord cursed the architect who had introduced the notion till it occurred to someone that a pipe leading from the crack up the wall of the castle to a point above the sentry's head might carry the spark beyond harm's way. My lord cursed

the expense and had the pipe built. The crack in the wall became a bona-fide chimney flue. There are ruins in England and on the Continent in which you may see every stage of the evolution.

And a fresh wonder came to light when this outside chimney was built. It created a fine, strong updraught, the fire burned brighter and more fiercely than before, and none, absolutely none of the smoke invaded the room—except, of course, in damp weather or when there was one of those easterly gales or—well, everything has its drawbacks.

Deprived of magazines and newspapers or the backing of an enthusiastic town planning association, the talented inventor of this perfect chimney did not live to see his contrivance in every home in England, as, of course, he felt it should be. Still he deposes chimneys came into fashion, and in a few generations there was hardly a new castle or manor house built in which some attempt at a chimney was not made.

True, there were a few sturdy souls who held out against the notion till the last. Deane Hall, in Northamptonshire, had neither chimney nor fireplace till one was introduced by Lord Cardigan, of Balaclava fame, although it was built as late as the reign of Edward VI. But in Elizabeth's day the owner of a house without chimneys was wont to apologize to his guests for their absence, sometimes going so far as to arrange for the accommodation of ladies at neighboring houses where the luxury could be enjoyed.

The first chimneys were usually single flues, almost as large as the huge fireplaces—and they were more like small rooms than fireplaces—above which they rose. When they were of any height the updraught must have been tremendous. There are legends of children blown across the room into the fire and high backed, high seated settles with a rail to keep the

feet off the floor were less luxuries than life preservers. Sitting in the angle of the chimney itself, although one enjoyed the warm proximity of the blaze, must have been rather like sitting in the Cave of the Winds.

An early improvement was the addition of a hood or canopy in front of the fireplace, its object being to catch stray puffs of smoke from sudden downdraughts and also, more or less vainly, to throw a little additional heat into the room. Many modern grates have these hoods in miniature for use when the fire is first lit and to be closed when it is burning well and brightly.

Gradually the chimney and the fireplace were reduced in size. Fireplaces ceased to be large enough to contain stools and benches for the most favored members of the household, and there began an approximation to that ideal state of things



A most attractive arrangement of chimneys at the side of a modern house.

when the most favored individuals would each have separate fireplaces of their own.

The multiplication of fireplaces naturally led to considerable changes in the chimney. Chimneys that were single flues became fewer and chimney stacks of many flues came into being. But before this even the single flues had been contracting to such an extent that they began to threaten hardship to the chimney-sweep. There were Royal edicts in France in 1712 and 1728, fixing a minimum width of three feet for chimneys in order that the climbing boys could do their work easily and without danger.

Poor climbing boys! Few of them grew up to attain the proud position of master sweeps. Many a chimney claimed its human victims in the "old days," which are not so very far behind us. There are tales of hapless urchins choked with soot, of others stuck in crooked flues who had to be removed piecemeal. . . . Dark chapters in the otherwise cheery history of the chimney.

The modern chimney measures in inches what its bluff ancestors often measured in feet. Nine by fourteen inches is the usual size for kitchen chimneys, and for other household purposes they are often a trifle smaller. The Newcastle master sweep, who defended himself against a charge of manslaughter by explaining that he "used the smallest boys there was. 'Tain't my fault they ain't bred no smaller" would have been aghast at any modern flue as well as indignant at the "machinery" to clean them, which took the bread out of honest chimneys' mouths.

Chimneys in general are very human in their failings and uncertainties, they have their moods and must be humored occasionally. It seems a rule among self-respecting chimneys to demand a few changes here and there after leaving the builder's hands before settling down to satisfactory work.

However, chimneys are seldom actually badly built, and there are few that cannot be coaxed into exemplary behaviour with the aid of a little common sense. A cowl perhaps, or the addition of a few inches to their height, or a bit of tin stuck somewhere in the flue—it is surprising sometimes how little will do away with a de-

monical down draught or cure apparently inextinguishable salkiness.

The architect and builder have much to contend with in planning chimneys. A single flue chimney is comparatively simple. It is when it comes to gathering numerous flues into a stack that the builder's difficulties are greatest. Sometimes on the outside wall of a new house you may see the courses of the various flues marked out in white brick, and it is easy then to appreciate some of the complexity of the task of arrangement.

There are, perhaps, four or five storeys to the house, and on each floor two or three fireplaces have to be connected with the one chimney stack. The flues from, say a dozen fireplaces, have to be led upwards at a gentle angle without crossing or interfering with one another till they meet as an orderly group on the roof. And besides this there are wall thicknesses, struts, thrusts and a hundred other things to be allowed for of which the layman reckons little.

The chimney must come through the roof at the proper point. Towards the middle of the ridge is the ideal spot and, like all ideals, it is usually difficult of attainment unless you are content with a four square house of the old New England pattern, build your chimney first, stick your house round it and then arrange your fireplaces in any way you can.

It is only a personal opinion, but it always has seemed to the writer that it is a mistake for chimneys to be too shy and retiring. On some houses you find the chimneys crouching behind ornamental parapets or peeping shamefacedly over ridges when they ought to rear their heads proudly and boldly. Some chimneys are such thin, meagre, naked-looking objects that their shame is comprehensible. But the fact should be recognized that it is impossible to hide chimneys altogether, and it is well, therefore, to clothe them fittingly and place them in commanding, while unobtrusive situations.

Directly chimneys become fashionable they began to be highly ornamental and seldom were they then afflicted with any false shame. They rose proudly from the roof to add interest, stately or fantastic, to the skyline of their house. Tall, slender columns fluted, twisted, enriched by bands



Chimneys well placed at the front and rear of a house

and panels of carving, or sturdy miniature towers plainer and less lofty, they carried message of warmth and hospitality with grace and dignity as certainly as tower or spire carried the message of the church beneath.

Formal classicism and chimney-stack came in together, and the grace and individuality of the single shafts were lost for a time. But the massive stacks were used to help in the balance of the stately winged and porticoed mansions beneath them, and even then they contrived to give a saving touch of irregularity and homeliness to a blank array of marble or stone by bristling with a cheerful fringe of vulgar, smoke-grimed, earthen chimney-pots.

Stacks of chimneys in these days of small flues are often treated as single chimney shafts, round or rectangular and richly ornamented. Thus, individuality has been restored and the chimney is able to look like a chimney, as frequently it did not in the Georgian days of vast rectangular stacks, which often gave the impression of an additional storey, and from which it was rather a surprise to see smoke issuing.

While being bold and self-confident—this is another personal opinion—there should be a certain reticence and mystery about a chimney. It should not jet obtrusively from the most conspicuous

point of the roof or obviously lose its identity in a wall by issuing nakedly therefrom at the end of the gable. It is better when it rises proudly and mysteriously from behind a roof ridge, or is half hidden by a dormer, always granted, of course, that the visible portion indicates that it is no mere stump, but a tall shaft springing from the slopes of some dim red-tiled valley among the complicated mountain range of roofs.

Such a chimney gives rise to pleasant speculations. At what point does it penetrate the roof? To what rooms within is it a source of light and cheeriness? From what fire rises the smoke now curling from it? Is it the same chimney one sees from the rose garden? . . . In a big old rambling house in which numbers of graceful chimneys rise from unexplored inner hinterlands of roof there are endless problems of this nature for the idle mind.

It may seem that this hiding away of the chimney is opposed to the plan for bold self-confession. No so, the chimney that is mysteriously half concealed from one viewpoint should be entirely visible from another, but less accessible spot. The idea is, in fact, that distance should lend enchantment to the chimney, if it is massive it should not be close to the side of the house, lest it be obtrusive and aggressive; besides, chimneys that are well set back may be much taller and more effective without dominating the house when

the whole effect is seen from a little distance, as is sometimes the case.

The use of tall chimneys has a sound basis. A chimney should rise higher than the roof by some two or three feet at least, and if it can possibly be avoided, it should not be overtopped by anything in its immediate neighborhood. One of the commonest causes of a smoky chimney is in its standing near something higher than itself—the roof, another chimney, a tall tree, or even a nearly hill or high building. Cresting the obstruction the wind sweeps downward into the chimney, hence

tears in the eyes of the users of the fire places below.

If the gaunt grimy factory shaft is the type of rampant materialism, so may other chimneys be taken as types of homely comfort—the rugged masonry of the cottage end, the curiously carved and twisted chimneys of the manor house. In few things are there such capabilities of beauty or of ugliness. The chimney must suggest, not the ugliness of the smoke it expels, not the filth of the soot it contains, but the warmth and beauty of the fire on the hearth beneath. It should be the spine of the household altar.



THE HILL ROAD

O, white road, O, winding road
That climbs the distant hill,
I would ye felt my footsteps
As now ye have my will;
There's an ache I cannot smother
Within this heart of mine;
And ever to my yearning eyes
You're as a beckoning sign.

For once upon your whitened crest
A loved one waved good-bye,
And then with glance on me, it seemed
Walked straight into the sky;
I would not bid him back again
Nor fret that life wears ill,
But O, I dream the day, the night
That I shall climb the hill.

The babes, warm in the cradle
Swing deep in soothing sleep,
The winds are humming harmonies
As round the house they creep,
But O, the heart within me
Will never more be still,
Till I have gained the winsome road
That leads across the hill

—Minnie Ferris Havenstein.

The National Peril

Sir Edmund Walker Warns Canadians Against Feverish Speculation and Extravagant Living

By Sir Edmund Walker

The basis of this article was an address delivered by Sir Edmund Walker in Montreal. Sir Edmund is President of the Canadian Bank of Commerce but is generously devoting much time to the public welfare. His subject was "Some Canadian Assets and Liabilities." The observations which he made, and which are given below in full, will be read with much interest by business men in all parts of Canada.

AMONG the happy optimism which pervades Canada at the moment we often hear the speaker say that the twentieth century belongs to Canada. What is true, however, is that Canada belongs to the twentieth century. There is little doubt that for good or ill we shall be shaped in our destiny by the present century. That we are being shaped by any other force seems to be forgotten by many Canadians. We know that effects follow causes inevitably, but we think very little regarding the future effect of our present actions.

In thinking about Canada we are sometimes like the sanguine type of borrower when he presents his balance sheet to his banker. He regards the assets with great pride as his own creation, and as undoubtedly his own possession, making very light of the liabilities, each of which must, however, be entirely discharged before he is entitled to boast of his accomplishments. Canada is one of the most precious assets in the world. In it we all have certain rights of ownership, but regarding it we also have most serious liabilities.

We have in our possession one of the largest countries in the world. In the extent of its sea coast, its lakes and rivers, its mountains and uplands, its fields and woodlands, and in the bountiful harvests to be gained from all these it is not excelled by any country. But it has of course, the defects which are inevitable in its qualities. It is a northern country, and to almost every scheme of work carried out in Canada there is added the labor and expense caused by the winter, while the loss from the many forests of nature which in that season have ceased to work for the benefit of man falls upon all of us. We are so far north that we do not even possess an Indian corn belt, much less sub-tropical areas where sugar, cotton and tobacco may be grown in large quantities, although we can hope that good sense may some day bring the West Indies into our confederation. But we would not exchange our winter for the suns of any sub-tropical country, and in the character of our natural resources, and the strength of the effort necessary to secure them lies the main assurance of our national character.

I need not enumerate the various sources of wealth in Canada. We all know that nature has done her part to make us one of the richest nations, and that our chief want is that men of the right sort shall join us in working out our great future. Our future will depend also upon the actions of other nations whose self-interests may not accord with our scheme for our future.

The average man thinks that he has enough to do to earn his daily bread without worrying about national affairs. He has doubtless attached himself to one of the political parties and he votes as he is urged to by his political leaders. What more can we expect. Very little more unless it be in great emergencies. But there are thousands of men who get much more out of life than just daily bread, and who think little more about our national future than their less fortunate brothers. These men usually regard themselves as practical people, whatever that may mean, but they are merely one of the many species of fools which the country suffers, gladly or otherwise. I need not, I am sure, hesitate to say to this audience that no man who is prospering in Canada has any right not to have in his mind some conception of what we are trying to do together as a nation. The fact that you are members of a club established for the purpose of securing a half-hour occasionally from the whirl of business in which to turn to other matters makes me safe in relying on your sympathy in making such a statement.

Shall we admit then that if we are engaged in laying up money for our children, we are truly foolish not to remember that we should also manage Canada for our children. If we save our money and destroy our country, little thanks will come from our children. Must we not also admit that in the pursuit of wealth we have passed in a few years from a country noticeably moderate and reserved to one of feverish speculation and extravagant expenditure in the cost of living? Much of the change is, of course, the inevitable concomitant of prosperity, but in its worst aspects it is almost as destructive of the fibre of a nation as actual crime. The country that believes only in success as represented by money, without much regard as to how it is made, and which advises people in proportion

to their social display, will not survive. I do not believe we shall become that kind of country, but we can all see the danger. A nation must have self-respect and must care for the higher intelligence of life; otherwise, even if very wealthy, it can only become one of the hateful oligarchies which disturb the stream of civilization.

Our future depends even more upon our children than upon ourselves. No forces for civilization are so potent as our universities and schools. The conditions and the aims of our educational systems are improving, but there is very much yet to be done. Universities are springing up in the west, and their school buildings put us in the east to shame; but vast sums must be spent and much experience gained before we can fit our machinery to the task of suitably educating our people. Every earnest Canadian should remember daily how tremendously our future may be affected by the quality of the teaching in our schools.

In the administration of justice, one of the foundations of society, we still follow the good example of England, and if we consider the history of the settlement of our new areas we may take some pride in our record. Let us hope that we shall never see a time when our regard for justice is blunted by the examples of men of wealth enjoying the results of wrongdoing by the use of their power. If our conception of justice remains high, and the newspapers endeavor to teach our people to work together in reasonable regard for the interests of all, we can by government commission and by direct legislation escape the evils of so-called trusts and also of unfair effects from tariffs or other taxation. To be just to each other with a due regard to the fact that all must make some present sacrifice for our national future should be our great aim.

But if we are to maintain a high sense of justice and to be unselfish where national considerations are concerned, we must improve our standards in other respects. We should encourage in our universities, our Canadian clubs and elsewhere such a study of political science as will enable us as soon as possible to give our large cities capable and pure government, such as has been very rapidly brought about in the United States in

many cases, and will remove from our national politics the mischief of patronage and will reform our civil service sufficiently to take it out of politics.

It is often said that our newspapers fairly reflect the people. Frankly, I hope that some of them do not. It has also been said that men will vote in accordance with their pockets. I have always insisted that this is untrue if men are stirred below the surface. If people are stirred deeply enough their feelings are generally sound, and if newspapers would stop praising one party and reviling the other to such an extent that real argument ceases, and would appeal to the best in people, many features in our politics which should not exist could be reformed.

Consideration of the future of Canada opens out in every direction, but I am nearing the end of my half-hour. I have urged that we should work together for the future of Canada, that in our individual relations, struggling as we all are to improve our positions materially, we should by the exercise of reasonable goodwill to each other, and with the aid of any possible machinery for the maintenance of justice in such relations, make our lives serviceable to those who will follow us by building in accordance with our noblest ideals a great nation of right-minded people.

I cannot close without referring to one among the many dangers we are encountering in our journey and which sometimes seems to loom larger than anything else. We are receiving a stream of immigrants greater relatively to the people already in Canada than any other nation has yet had to manage. If this year we receive 400,000 new people that will be the same as if the United States

received in one year 4,500,000 new people, so far as the power to assimilate them, and to provide for their reception is concerned. Notwithstanding the great wealth in the aggregate brought by them we shall have to incur two hundred or three hundred million dollars of foreign debt in order to further equip the country to receive them. This money comes from England and such European countries as follow her in investments. Our power to receive these immigrants depends on our credit with England. We enjoy at her hands the best credit of any country in the world. Every foolish operation in Canada finance imperils that credit. This credit is largely based on the belief that there is here in Canada a country destined to be not merely always loyal to the King, but to be a commanding influence in the future of the greatest Empire the world has known. What are we doing to make sure that the newcomers understand our political ambitions? And yet our future may depend on whether they will join us and play the game or not.

Who stops to remember that Great Britain gave Canada the western provinces merely on payment of the claim of the Hudson's Bay Company? Did she not do it because she was sure that we would play the game like gentlemen? Play it we shall, of course, but in all fairness let us set out before the newcomers what the game is. If we do so the children of the non-British settlers in the West will be as good Canadians as we are. Let both political parties join in saying on every political platform in the West that we are destined to do our share and eventually to pay our share towards the perpetuation of the British Empire forever.



The Private Office

Just as the engine room is the seat of power in the factory, so must the executive office be the centre of force in the business end, and it is as essential that the details of location and arrangement be studied out in this as in any part of the organization. As a matter of fact, the private office problem of every business is a big one. When one begins to go into the various details of it they multiply continually. Who should have a private office, and why, is a question unsettled in practically every office of any size, and it is one that is seldom settled to the satisfaction, of all. The following article deals with the problems that confront the business where the personnel of those who shall have private offices has been settled.

FOLLOWING the article on the Equipping of General Offices which appeared in the February issue of MacLean's Magazine the one submitted herewith on "Laying Out the Private Office" will be of interest and value to Canadian business men in that it admirably supplements the suggestions which have already been made and in addition deals particularly with private offices, which were not covered in the previous treatise. Written by Wesley A. Stranger, an authority on office systems, the article was published in *Business* and while based on American usages will nevertheless be of practical assistance to many busy men in this country who are beset with difficulties in so arranging their offices as to best facilitate their work and at the same time meet the demands of the public. For, as Mr. Stranger says, "the private office is fundamentally the middle ground between the public and the business. Outsiders and insiders are those who use it: the man who occupies it is the man between." The article in full follows:

The first essential in the location of a private office lies in the determination of where it will best serve all concerned. It

should be accessible to the people, both inside and out. It should be so arranged that the man occupying it may be reached in the shortest time with the least inconvenience, yet it must be so located that he may not be interrupted when it is desirable that he should not be disturbed. Privacy is a desirable essential from every point of view.

In centralizing a private office, nearness to all interested persons and departments is the first requirement. Centralization does not necessarily mean the location of a private office according to geographical centres. It means locating it where the greatest number of people go the shortest distance to accomplish the desired result. To be successful in its arrangements the private office must be "central," and from it, in an executive sense, must radiate the nerves that actuate the business machinery.

After the question of location has been settled, the matter of arrangement begins. Arrangement has to do with the furniture, the people and the location of people and furniture within the office. In this connection three main considerations are to be borne in mind: Suggestion, practicality and efficiency.

ESSENTIALS IN OFFICE ARRANGEMENT.

In appearance the private office should carry out the general suggestion of the business of which it is a part. The interior arrangement should suggest the stability and character of the concern, and should also give some clue to the man who occupies it and his relation to the business. While the visitor gathers certain ideas from what he sees when he first enters a place of business, he receives a more concrete and lasting impression and has his confidence strengthened or weakened in a definite way when he enters the private office. The importance, therefore, of making it actually representative is obvious.

No office serves its purpose unless it carries with it an air of practicability. There is generally some good reason for its existence and its reason should be apparent. A private office in which there are barely enough furnishings to insure the transaction of business, or with furniture of low grade and poorly arranged, is not apt to impress the visitor with any idea of permanence or stability. On the other hand, an overly furnished office may have as disastrous an effect. Unless the office or arrangement is figured out from the primary standpoint of utility and efficiency, it will fail of its purpose. When men do business they want to have their surroundings conducive to that end. Loaf motion in the location of a record, inability to find important papers, delay in securing the services of a clerk or stenographer all have a tendency to shake confidence. The man who is able to make decisions quickly and arrive at the meat of things instantly is the man with whom other men like to deal. The office in which he works has a great deal to do with his ability to do this. His utility is based on the primary principle of its fitness to perform its function and its efficiency is a complement to the efficiency of the man who occupies it.

WHERE THE PRIVATE OFFICE IS AN EXCEPTION.

A large business house which loans money and deals in real estate, at one time had a problem in its office organization that was as hard to solve as any that will be encountered in a business

day. This firm has many important people to consider. It employs a corps of attorneys, experts on loans, men of banking experience. In the early days of the firm, private offices were the rule; to-day they are the exception.

The man at the head of the business meets the customers of the house on both sides. He sees those who want to lend money and those who wish to borrow. A private office is necessary to him, and yet it must serve a double purpose. It must impress the lender with the ability of the firm to wisely handle his money and it must impress the borrower with stability. The president cannot see everyone who calls for him, and yet he cannot be too remote at any time. To overcome the various problems presenting themselves, his office is located and arranged to indicate semi-privacy, yet is as private as it can be once a visitor is within its doors.

Just off the corridor is a reception room leading directly into the office of the president's secretary. Facing the door is the secretary's desk, and on a line with one end is a long table with a chair at the end. A visitor to see the president may want to see the secretary and he is ushered into this room which adjoins the president's office. Also leading off of the reception room is a narrow passageway leading to the outside entrance of the president's office, which is directly opposite a door leading to his assistant's office. If it is desirable to the caller to see the president, he is ushered directly into the office, and when he leaves he passes through the private entrance and is at once in the reception room. On the other hand, if he wishes to see the assistant, he enters his office from the passage-way and may be ushered into the president's office as easily as from the secretary's office. This private office arrangement is ideal where the occupant is doing business with people outside of the firm, for it makes him accessible and at the same time insures privacy. In the interior arrangement of this office as much thought has been put as upon the location. Aside from the chair occupied by the stenographer and the president, there are but two others. One stands in the corner and the other opposite the table across which the president talks to the visitor. The furniture is of

substantial appearance, built along simple lines. The desks are paneled mahogany and the chairs of the "Bank of England" design. Everything is plain and business like and there is no show of elegance or waste, but a great show of substantiality. The lender is impressed with the business-like appearance and the air of safety, while the borrower sees but simple designs and plain lines, suggesting ease of approach and conservatism.

KEEPING HIS FINGERS OF THINGS.

In a wholesale grocery house where the man at the head is constantly consulted by his associates and who must at the same time meet the country customers of the house, the private office has been reduced to its simplest terms. The man with the private office is located very close to the main entrance of the store, but to the right and a little aside from the rest of the establishment so that the visitor in coming in does not at once see the office. The sales manager sits right opposite the entrance, with his assistants on either side. To the left of the sales manager the desks of the salesmen sit in rows the length of the office. Back of the sales manager sits the secretary of the concern in an almost inaccessible part of the office for the reason that he has little to do with any except those in the house, and it is desirable to have him close to him and the buyers arranged in within reach of the treasurer and cashier, who are on the floor above, and not too far away from the sales department.

The president of this concern must keep his finger on the every angle of the business, and as the sales department is close to him and the buyers arranged in a room adjoining his, he is at all times in close touch with the two most important departments. His private office has no floor covering. There are plenty of chairs, a large table, a roll top desk and the president's secretary. The walls on two sides are fitted with shelves, and on these shelves are placed samples of goods sold and many things suggestive of the business. Pictures of the men who are doing the big things in the trade, views of retail stores, photographs of the firm's branches and similar subjects ornament the walls.

On the second floor is a room fitted up with everything for ease and comfort which is the president's private office. When he meets a man he wants to see in his second-floor office, he either takes him upstairs himself and sees him there, or else has him taken up by an under and attends to him as soon as possible. When he has any work of his own to do which requires quiet and privacy, he retires to this room, and leaves his secretary in charge of the first-floor office.

ONE WAY TO HANDLE COMPLAINTS.

A certain large store found that the most successful manner in which to handle complaints was to have the man in charge get as close to the complainant as possible. The manner of handling the problem in the beginning was to have a series of wickets at which complaints were made, and when the complaint clerk could not solve the problem to the satisfaction of the customer, to refer her to the last window where the manager was located. This was simply a window, and there was a partition between the complainant and the manager. One day the head of the business was attracted by loud talking in the complaint department and discovered an irate customer "tonguing down" the complaint department manager in good style. When the trouble was adjusted, the manager had an idea. The next day he gave orders to have a private office built for the complaint manager, with a railing and reception room outside. Seated and chairs were provided in the reception room, but only one chair in the private office besides the one occupied by the manager. When a troubled customer came in, she had no trouble in getting to the source of things. She was obliged to go through the routine of walking into the enclosure, taking a chair, sending in her name by a messenger and waiting her turn, but these details and delays, slight as they were, had a tendency to distract the mind, and by the time the complainant reached the private office, her wrath had usually cooled. The compactness of the office made it necessary for her to talk closely to the manager. There was suggestion of privacy and confidence, no need of shouting and no room to gesticulate. The surroundings and everything that had to do with the complaint depart-

THE PRIVATE OFFICE

ment set the mind of the visitor at comparative ease, for it was plain to see that there was no barrier to be beaten down and no lack of privacy and "first handness" to the talk. The inauguration of this private office system resulted in a great saving to the house in time and annoyance.

DOING AWAY WITH SECRETEIVENESS.

In a large public utilities corporation the executive in charge located his office on the topmost floor of the building. The elevators were placed in the centre of the building and a visitor reaching the top floor encountered an information clerk just inside a railing. At an angle with the information clerk's desk, was a half door, behind which sat the executive's private secretary and the under secretaries as well. Back of them were various department heads who came into immediate contact with the executive. All the rest of the floor was given over to the department of last analysis, that is, the department in which all records and figures were brought down to the point of submission to the executive. There were two doors to the executive's office. One led into the entrance opposite the secretary's office, and the other led into the main department where the clerks and accountants were at work. In the place of paneled doors, ricker swinging doors, filling about half of the door space were used. This kept the executive within his private office, and yet right on the floor with the men directly accountable to him. A visitor entering his office found it to be very roomy and occupied by a flat top desk and a long table, together with a number of chairs. For conversation or consultation purposes, the privacy was complete, yet this executive was as accessible or inaccessible as he chose to be.

A PLAN THAT SAVED TIME AND EFFORT.

In laying out the executive offices of a huge steel concern it was necessary to provide private offices for a number of executives. Another desirable feature was to have each executive as near every

other one as possible, and at the same time in close touch with the departments in which they were most concerned. The plan decided upon was to arrange the offices in a rectangle. In one corner of the rectangle was placed the office of the president. On his right was his assistant, and on the left his private secretary. A double passage-way was provided, one for the public and one for the officials themselves. Ranging from the president's office in one direction came the vice-president and secretary, and adjoining the secretary's office was the directors' room. Next in order was the auditor, and adjoining his room one entire side of the rectangle was given to the auditing department. Beginning at the president's office and working the other way was located the treasurer and, next to him, the cashier. Following the cashier was the sales manager and his department. On the other side of the rectangle was the purchasing agent and his department, together with the various buyers, while the completion of the rectangle was the order department; this adjoined the auditing department, so that the arrangements were continuous. The centre of the rectangle was given over to the stenographic department and other departments that came in direct contact with the executive offices.

The arrangement of the private offices made it possible for each executive to pass from the office of one or the other without interfering with anyone else and, at the same time, not go outside in the general corridor. Any employee or visitor could call on any official without seeing the rest, or, once inside of the private passage-way, could be sent from one to the other. On the other hand, the officials could move from one office to the other or enter on the main passage-way with the utmost privacy. The president was located at a point from which the various activities of the office radiated, and was closest to the men with whom he came most in contact. The interiors of the offices were essentially the same. Every man had his office fitted with steel furniture and mahogany finish.

The Hon. W. T. White

A Character Sketch of the Canadian Minister of Finance

By An Old Associate

WHEN it was announced that Mr. W. T. White, of Toronto, would be taken into Mr. Borden's cabinet, as Minister of Finance, some millions of Canadians asked each other "Who's this fellow, White?" Some scores of them in the city of Toronto held meetings of protest, being exasperated that a Liberal or an ex-Liberal should be given the most important fello in the new Conservative administration. In Ontario it was remembered that Mr. White had stamped several cities against Reciprocity, and that in the big Toronto meeting he was the sole speaker, beside Mr. Borden. A little further recollection supplied the fact that he was one of the Noble Eighteen Liberals of prominence in Toronto who had broken with their party on the great issue and were working for the defeat of the Laurier government.

There recollection of Mr. White's public career flagged. A further effort, and Mr. White was identified with the speech of protest made to Sir James Whitney when it was determined to operate the Hydro Electric in competition with the Electrical Development Co. In that speech occurred the phrase "Naboth's Vineyard," and it stung. Mr. White had served on the Board of University Governors, and on the Hospital Board. These facts comprised all his public and semi-public career.

Looking over the record it hardly seems in itself justification for Mr. White's preferment, and in this respect

it might be said that his rapid advance belongs to that numerous class that it is difficult to understand. However, there were in the City of Toronto some hundreds of men and women, and in the Provinces of Ontario and Manitobasome scores to whom Mr. White's swift rise was no mystery. If he had been called to preside over the destinies of the British Empire, I know men who would say, "Well, it was about time, they found out about Tom White." These are the men and women who have known the Hon. William Thomas White for some thirty years, some of them longer, for it is likely that the boys who went to school with him felt that he was something out of the ordinary. They are right, too, and the millions are wrong, but they are not likely to be wrong a great while. The Minister of Finance will educate them.

The whole truth about Mr. White is that, to use a slang phrase, he has the "goods." He has every reason for his success ever a man had. No one could talk with him for five minutes and not know that he was a clever man, to use no stronger adjective. When you get a clever man who will work, why should he not succeed? Especially if he has youth and health and ambition, and on top of that another layer of ambition, and perhaps even another. I lay emphasis on the ambition. If it is a fault both Caesar and some other great men had it. Mr. White was a financial success because he would allow nothing to stand in the way of being a financial success.

He will succeed in politics for the same reason, for he has all the tools in his grip except, perhaps one, and that is the greatest of all. Sir John Macdonald had it; Sir Wilfrid Laurier had it; most

soldier bear hardships for the sake of the general's smile. It is a quality of the heart, not of the head, and when it is in operation it makes men comrades. The Hon. W. T. White hasn't it. Fol-



HON. W. T. WHITE,
Minister of Finance of Canada.

great generals had it, and it is called by different names. It makes a follower prefer to be in opposition with his leader than in power without him; it makes a

lowers won't bear hardships for his sake—not twice. To-day he is not a man of intimate friendships. He has admirers and many well wishers; but he hasn't

many friends, for he has the gift of turning friends into admirers, and of course this costs friends.

As far as the country is concerned, a statesman may be all the better for having few friends. There are the fewer reasons for him sacrificing the public interest on grounds of sentiment. Hon. W. T. White will not sacrifice the public interest on grounds of sentiment. He was born in Hinton county, but metaphorically speaking he is "from Missouri" and if you want anything from him, you will have to produce reasons why you should get it. The reason that you knew Tom White in the days when he was a Tom White is no reason at all; nor is the fact that you once played pool together, or spouted poetry together. You may have done either or both of these things with the Minister of Finance, but if you think the fact puts you on any footing, you make a mistake. You have come into Mr. White's presence feeling like a friend; you go out an admirer, and one of the growing throng that understands why this young man has been made a minister.

The Minister of Finance is forty-six years old. He was borne near Bronte, where his father's cousin, Mr. John White, M.P., was a notable figure a generation ago. Mr. John White was, as many will remember, a great horseman, and carried off some of the earlier Queen's Plates. When the present minister was a small boy, his father's cousin was making the name of White famous abroad by sending to the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia in 1876 the only thoroughbred horse entered from Canada. He won first prize with it, and for some years we may well suppose that the triumph was sweet to the White family. Tom's father who was employed by the cousin, caught a chill and died, leaving the widow with two children to fight the battle of life alone. This she was well qualified to do. There was a considerable connection on both sides of the family, and we recall what Thackeray said about the Irish, namely that you couldn't find an Irishman so poor that he wasn't helping some other Irishman poorer than himself. There is nothing but Irish blood in the Hon. W. T. White and his Irish kinsmen did not forget

their duty to his mother, suddenly left alone in the world. The boy was taken by first one and then another, and his schooling went steadily forward until he had reached the age of sixteen or seventeen, a tall, lanky, freckle-faced lad with a fondness for poetry and a determination to climb. At that time one of the most flourishing members of the White connection was Mr. R. J. Fleming, then alderman for St. David's Ward, and at present manager of the Toronto Railway Company. Mr. Fleming's father was a brother of Mrs. White's mother, and it was natural enough that the ambitious boy should be sent to the city where opportunities were more numerous, and where a cousin of his mother's was a prominent figure. So to Toronto Mr. White came, and until the past few weeks in Toronto he has resided ever since.

His first job was a temporary one in the Assessment department, which he secured through the Alderman's influence. Through Mr. Fleming's friendship with Mr. John Ross Robertson, proprietor of the Toronto Telegram, and with Mr. John R. Robinson, editor of that paper, Mr. White was taken on as a reporter, and for some years he worked for the Telegram. All the time he was studying hard, and worked his way through Toronto University while doing his daily work on the newspaper. It is said that when, about twenty years or so ago, the word "appendicitis" began to fall heavily on the layman's ear, and when operations on the vermiform appendix began to be performed in the leading hospitals, Mr. White was the only Toronto newspaperman who was able to promptly discuss the matter as a newspaper man should. He was always interested in medical literature, and when the first patient was operated on in the General Hospital, he was ready to sit down and write a couple of columns about the strange disease, and the remarkable new method of curing it.

Readers of the Telegram are aware that that journal makes a feature of reporting the Twelfth of July Parade each year, and they will be interested to know that Mr. White used to excel in this work. Whether or not he instituted it is uncertain, but certain it is that under the heading of "Orange Lilies" he used to

contribute some bright paragraphs and verses, that the delighted Orangemen would peruse in the Exhibition Grounds as they lay panting in the shade after the exertions of the march. One of Mr. White's contributions to the literature of local Orangemen and only one need be repeated:—

"The Horse that good King Bill bestrode

Had brothers twin beside:
One of them E. P. Roden rode
The other one has died."

This is not submitted in disparagement of Mr. White's art, but merely as evidence of his versatility. Mr. White's connection with the Telegram was not completely severed until he became Manager of the National Trust Co., although for some years before this important event in his career his contributions were only occasional. Frequently he would write editorials, and he used to say that his ambition was to write ten editorials in a column and write a column an hour. His specialty, however, was the editorial paragraph, but his style was so much like that of the present editor that it would be difficult to go back over the files and pick out the White notes from the Robinson epigrams. Even when he wasn't writing he was often the inspiration for bright paragraphs, and Mr. Robinson used to say that ten minutes talk with Tom White was good for three or four "Ups and Downs" any way. He is a changed man indeed if his speeches in the House do not sparkle occasionally with gems of humor, for he has a keen sense of it. However, if Hon. W. T. White concludes that humor is out of place in a budget speech, you may be sure that you will find none of it there. Not Artemus Ward's kangaroo or an Irish joke book could bring the slightest responsive gleam to his features, if he thought mirth or levity indelicate. Moreover, he is not given to laughter. I doubt if anyone has heard him laugh out loud in ten years. Yes, I'll make it twenty. He smiles freely, gravely and politely, and chuckles sometimes, but roars of jollity do not belong with him. In underground days, Tom White's chief fame lay

in his extemporaneous speeches. He would harangue his comrades from the top of a barrel, or table in fine classical style, and with a wealth of simile and allusion that aroused the delight of his hearers. In those days he was a good mixer and popular wherever he went.

A favorite quotation of Mr. White's was Longfellow's lines:—

"The heights by great men won and kept

Were not attained by sudden flight
But they while their companions slept
Were toiling upward through the night."

He has lived up to it, too; but he was not always a great man. There was a time when he was only a young man, and somewhat given to sport. Twenty years ago there used to be a good deal of pool and billiards played round the Toronto hotels, and usually for money. Mr. White was one of the best cues in the game, and his sport didn't cost him much. Years later when he had not had a cue in his hands for many months, he was talking to a young man who used to write considerable time and money in the pool rooms. He fancied that he was something of a player, and when he heard that Mr. White sometimes used to "take a stick" he invited him to play a little game of American billiards. So they adjourned to a room. The youthful sport won the break, and shot, not scoring. Then Mr. White ran out the thirty-six points, while the other waited for the turn that never came. Then they left the billiard hall, the youth with a chastened opinion of his own prowess. His ideas were further reduced by Mr. White remarking that he himself used to think he could play until one Teddy McCormick had played a similar trick on him in the wicked old days of the past.

He related, also, a story about Herbert Spencer who was once accosted by a youth in a hotel and invited to play a game of billiards. The philosopher complied, and the young man proceeded to "trim" him almost as severely as Spencer had "trampled" Henry George in their debate on economics. Spencer stood first on one foot then on the other,

and then sat down, and still the affable young stranger continued to "pot the red." Finally he ran out his hundred, the synthetic philosopher not having had a shot. Spencer regarded him gravely as he put up his cue, and then said:—"Young man, while a certain proficiency in games of skill is indicative of a well-balanced mental equipment, such proficiency as you have displayed is strong presumptive evidence of a mis-spent youth."

This was rather a favorite story of the Minister of Finance, and he used to complain that sometimes its point would escape the hearer. When this occurred he would add the detail that Spencer walked out of the room without paying for the table, and this post-script never failed to evoke the tarty laugh. It was a sort of lost anecdote with him, and he used to divide his friends into the two classes, those who laughed at the philosopher's grave rebuke, and those who did not laugh until the picture of the youthful "shark" being stuck for the game was presented to them.

Apart from the game of billiards, in which he was almost uncanonically proficient, Mr. White did not devote much time to amusements, although as a young man he was active and had the natural wiriness of the country lad. He was able, however, to show a crowd of admiring city boys how to pitch an out-curve, at a time when this baseball art was merely a rumor, disputed by as many as averred its truth. Twenty-five years ago, or so, the amateur who could produce even a "roundhouse" out curve was regarded as a wizard, and I have no doubt that there are men to-day whose admiration for Hon. W. T. White was first kindled when they observed his long legs and arms and body twining in the convulsions preliminary to the production of a bona fide "out."

In the meantime the work went steadily forward. One job was never enough to keep the future finance minister busy. He was happier when he had two or three on hand. He was a reporter on the Telegram while he was doing work in the Assessment department, and also teaching night school. Later on he became the private tutor to a couple of young men, and I don't think there could

have been a better one, since he had the curse of affecting everyone in whom he took an interest with his own sense of neglected opportunities. He must have filled his pupils with a desire to succeed, for his favorite conversation related to some of the world's great men who had proved their quality while they were still young men. In 1896, he displayed his first interest in politics, and it was a personal one due to the fact that Mr. John Ross Robertson was a candidate for Parliament. While Mr. Robertson sat in the house as an independent Conservative, Mr. White's interest lasted, but apart from the personality of the member for East Toronto his political feeling was weak, and I remember him making the remark then that with the change of government an excellent opportunity was afforded for anyone to begin the study of Canadian politics. It may have been the strong feeling generated by the "Hands off Manitoba" campaign, or it may have been the dormant influence of his North of Ireland ancestry that induced Mr. White to become an Orangeman at this time. If "Once a Mason, always a Mason" applies as well to Orangemen, the Minister of Finance, and the Speaker of the House must be recognized as brethren, although it is many years now since he has attended lodge.

A word might be said here about Mr. White's politics. In a partisan sense he hasn't any. He never had. He has cast both Liberal and Conservative votes. His earliest tendencies were probably toward the Liberal party, but his personal disposition is not to belong to a party, but to have a party belong to him. When he became interested in Finance, his business instinct warned him against the Hydro-Electric policy of the Ontario government, and speaking for the investors in the Toronto General Electric Light Co., and the Ontario Power Co., he protested strongly against the Whitney-Bleck policy of state competition to private enterprise. Hence, the "Naboth's Vineyard" episode. It was a sort of semi-secret among Mr. White's business associates that some five or six years ago, when the anti-private ownership tendency of the Whitney government became apparent, he had the am-

bition of breaking into provincial politics and heading the opposition. If it hadn't been for Sir James Whitney, however, the chance is that no one would ever have thought of Mr. White as a Liberal. He is at heart a Conservative, and has been for fifteen years. Of course, when he signed the notable manifesto with the "Noble Eighteen" it was good politics for the Conservatives to consider him a "life long Liberal reluctantly breaking the ties of a generation." This, however, is the politics of campaign managers. It is not Mr. White's politics. So we may dismiss from our mind the idea that Mr. White was taken into the Borden cabinet as an acknowledgment to the thousands of Liberals who voted against Reciprocity. Mr. White is Minister of Finance because he was the nominee of the financial crowd that knows no politics. Nor is this discreditable to him, for Mr. White was the nominee of that crowd because he had the confidence of every man who had done business with him. In other words he is Minister of Finance because he is well qualified for the job. No one need have a better reason.

Mr. White's first position of any account was in the Toronto Assessment Department. He got it through the influence of Mr. R. J. Fleming. He held it and improved it through his own ability, and through holding it and improving it he first came under the observation of the men who were later to offer him the Managership of the National Trust Company, and still later to give his name to Mr. R. L. Borden as that of the representative they wanted in the government. These are the steps in the ladder Mr. White has climbed, and set down in this fashion they seem easy steps and close together, but it took a remarkable man to climb them. The tremendous feat was improving the position in the Assessment Department. It was not so difficult to become third in the office staff of the department, at that time presided over by Mr. Nicholas Maughan, for in those days the permanent staff did not include a dozen men and boys. It was when Mr. White was made assessor, at a salary of something less than \$1,500 a year, that he made the stride. He was made assessor a year or two before real estate

began to improve after the boom. The downward tendency had hardly ceased, the fashion was to mark a lot a couple of dollars a foot less than the year before and let it go. Mr. White attracted attention by not falling in with this custom, but by holding the last year's assessment. Promptly the owners would object and appeal to the Court of Revision. This was Mr. White's first battlefield, and as much as to any one event in his career he owes his present position to the determined way he would fight for his assessment before the Court of Revision. On one occasion he was defending a considerable down-town assessment against the attack of a prominent real estate agent who represented a number of large property owners. Mr. White had prepared his case with care. He was fortified with statistics regarding rentals, recent offers and sales, and had the whole dossier before him in a pile of foolscap. Turning his head for a few moments, he looked back to find his precious document gone. What became of it no one knows to this day, but the young assessor thought at the time that the real estate agent had appropriated it, in the full expectation that Mr. White without his notes would be at sea. He did not know Mr. White's methods. Whoever had the document, Mr. White had its contents in his head and he proceeded to cite figures without a moment's hesitation, and eventually won his point. It is doubtful if ever there was an assessor employed by the city whose valuations were as little affected by the Court of Revision or by the County Judge as those of the present Minister of Finance.

"It's a liberal education to be with Mr. White," was a remark the late Nicholas Maughan used to make to the assessment clerks chosen to accompany the young assessor on his rounds, and it is no bad sign that some of those clerks and the other office associates in those earlier days are among the warmest friends the Hon. W. T. White has to-day. By the carefulness of his valuations, the genial humor of his manner, and the firm but good natured defence before the Court of Revision of his assessments, Mr. White had made a reputation for himself as far back as twenty years ago. It was a time when reputa-

tions, perhaps, were easily made because so few were trying to make them. Nine out of ten people were "bear" on Toronto's prospects, and one of the earliest "bulls" was undoubtedly Tom White. He was in a minority for a year or two, and minorities are never popular, especially if the aim of the minority is to increase your taxes, but he was in a position to show reason for the faith that was in him, and, as I have said, his assessments were not often reduced.

The last year that Mr. Maughan was assessment Commissioner was the year Mr. White did his most notable work in the assessment department, and the manner of it throws a strong light on his character. Houses that had stood vacant for years began to fill up, some trading was done in vacant lots, the grumbling about assessment was more perfunctory. Men were working, the depths reached in the collapse of the boom had been reached, and values began to rise. We stood on the threshold of the wonderfully prosperous decade that ushered in the Twentieth Century. For a year or two before, Mr. White had ventured to resist the demands of property owners who wished their assessment reduced. In one or two cases he had even been able to justify a slight raise, but no general advance had been made.

Now, I do not need to say that the average City Hall employee takes his holidays when they are offered to him. With other officials of the same rank, Mr. White was entitled to a fortnight's holidays in the summer, and like other employees he took them. But he spent them differently. Instead of going fishing or billiard playing, he spent his two weeks in the offices of the real estate dealers and builders who were best informed as regards the property situation in Ward One. Early and late he was there talking, arguing, taking notes and investigating. At the end of that fortnight by studying early and late, he had mastered the general situation as regards property values over the Don. Now it was in this region that the effects of the boom had been most marked. Over the Don yet bore the scars of its exploitation, and wined when they were touched. Nevertheless, the surgeon was

on the job who was about to touch them, and with no velvet hand.

When Mr. White had made his assessment it was found that practically every foot of property had been advanced. Even in his own office there was protest and alarm, and had it not been for the fact that Mr. R. J. Fleming became Assessment Commissioner about midsummer, resigning the Mayor's chair to do so, it is possible that Mr. White would not have been backed up in his work. As it was his new chief was quite as much an optimist as was Mr. White. The other assessors were infused with their enterprise and courage, and property values all over the city were slowly advanced.

There was some lively battling in the Court of Revision by the owners of vacant land, men who had hung onto their property in the lean years, in hope that there would be reaction. Now, with the reaction only faintly visible on the horizon they found the assessment department anticipating them. It was as though Tom White had been at the most head while they had stood on the dock. They would like to have believed that his report was correct, but for the moment it was more business like to refuse to listen to him, and to save the immediate taxes. But they found that long experience had given the Court of Revision confidence, and the assessment, on the whole was maintained. That voluntary spending of two weeks holidays in preparing himself for his routine work is one of the finest chapters in Hon. Mr. White's history. It marked the beginning of the reform that Mr. Fleming carried out in the department, which he made the best in the Municipal service.

But even while he was engaged in this work, Mr. White had made up his mind that the City Hall was not big enough for him. He had determined to study law, and at an age, as he used to say himself, when most men were contemplating their past life in order to get a line on their future destination. Yes, it is a fact that the Minister of Finance, who now deals solemnly with duties and liabilities and other weighty matters used to speak in this flippant strain. You may want to remember it next time you vote.

Mr. White attended no more lectures at Osgoode Hall that he could avoid, for the simple reason that he was doing his work—and much of his clerk's work—in the Assessment Department, and writing editorials for the Telegram at the same time. I cannot too strongly emphasize this faculty of his for work. In theory an assessor is supposed to do the intellectual part of the assessment, while his clerk does the purely manual part. Unless he had a clerk who was a wonder at figures, Mr. White preferred to do the clerk's work too. He is a remarkable mathematician, and used to be able to add three columns at once and multiply mentally into the hundreds of thousands. To do this work in July and August, when you were also writing "Orange Lilies" and "Ups and Downs," and when another man was paid for doing it, was something not many civic officials then or now would attempt, and to do it with such good humor that the clerk was led to suppose that Mr. White really liked it, was, I think, absolutely unique in the civil service.

The only relaxation from that work, and the only relaxation Mr. White indulged in for years, was conversation. Undoubtedly he loved to talk. He was not so much of a listener, as a monologue artist. He used to lean back in his arm chair, stretch his long legs in front of him, and with his hands clasped behind his head, and a faint smile on his lips, he would talk by the hour or subject, from assessment to poetry, and from the battle of Waterloo to his friendship with the Rev. Dr. Wild. The study of hard work was a favorite topic. He used to dispense cleverness, not without a tinge of mock modesty, perhaps. "If one man is six times cleverer than another," he used to say, "and the other is seven times as hard a worker, the other will win out because the ratio in his favor is slightly greater." He used to profess to believe in Carlyle's definition of genius as the capacity for taking infinite pains. Nevertheless, his great exemplar was not an illustration of this definition. Mr. White used to study Napoleon, and I suppose at the present moment he could argue before a Military Institute and give an interesting description of the battle of Waterloo. Pitt also

was a favorite, and though Sir William Osler's famous apocryphal remark about the chloroform age had not then been made, Mr. White used to think that men who really amounted to anything had made their mark before they were thirty. I dare say his opinion has been somewhat modified by events.

In literature his favorites were Stevenson and Kipling. The taste is common enough nowadays, but it was not so common then. Kipling was almost unknown to the general public, and the admiration for Stevenson was just beginning. It was the phrase making of these authors that chiefly attracted him, for with Mr. White in those days the ability to say a thing well was accounted of more importance than the ability of saying it accurately or even of doing it well. He used to roll the morsel "A rag, and a bone, and a hank of hair" under his tongue as though he were a gourmet sampling some fairy vintage. There was a passage, too, in the "Wrecker" that used to fascinate him. It was where the Chinaman was thrown overboard, and sank in the sea "bubbling strange curses." The Ancient Mariner he had almost by heart, and could quote you from Milton and Shakespeare with any professor of literature. Speaking of poetry, Mr. White had written—but perhaps this had better not be mentioned under pain of incurring the ill-will of a powerful government. Nevertheless he had written, and I dare say it is at the bottom of an old trunk yet.

But neither his talking nor his writing interfered with his hard study as a student at Osgoode Hall. Sometimes he used to sit with an icy towel around his head as he poraled over the law books. Nor was there any reason for the cold towel except strenuous work. If he is not a teetotaler he is as abstemious as a man as ever studied law. He was just as cautious in the use of tobacco, and once fearing that he might be tempted to smoke too much, he threw his favorite pipe as far as he could from a back window, the stem in one direction and the bowl in another. Two days later his wife detected him out searching for the stem, having discovered the bowl. What his excuse was I do not remember; but it was a good one.

At Osgoode Hall, to use a sporting metaphor he "burned up the track." He stood first in his class every year, and finally graduated with a gold medal. His intention was to hang out his shingle, and to make a practice in commercial law, but I doubt if the shingle ever was painted. Before he could find an office Mr. E. R. Wood found him, and largely on the strength of a recommendation from Mr. R. J. Fleming, he engaged him to become manager of the National Trust, a newly formed company. Mr. Wood was manager of the company at that time, and he held the position strongly against his will. Finally, on the understanding that Mr. Flavell and Senator Cox and himself should do nothing but hunt for a man to take the job, he occupied it temporarily until he sighted on W. T. White. The salary to begin on was not great, something like \$2,500, I think, but it was multiplied by six or seven before Mr. White was through with it, and ten or twelve years ago, it was no contemptible stipend, even for a brilliant young man like W. T. White. The young manager had no training in business except what he had received in the assessment department, and he was fresh from his law books, but he accepted the new job as composedly as though he had done nothing but manage trust companies from the cradle. "I can't do more than lose the capital stock of the company the first year," he remarked, and he set forth to emphasize the humor of his words.

When he entered on his business career, he became too much engrossed to maintain his old acquaintanceships, and most of his friends heard of him thereafter only through the newspapers. Two former associates went with him, both graduates of the Assessment Department, Mr. James Brocknidge, and Mr. Frank Poucher, and both are now important men in the National Trust Company. As he climbed steadily to wealth, much of the former genial levity of Mr. White was discarded as unbecoming a financier, and he became a grave young man. His salary was multiplied, "tips" on the stock market were put in his way, and he became an insider with the Cox and Flavell and Wood syndicate. With Mr. Flavell he

was particularly intimate, and he had a tremendous admiration for the moving spirit of the Davies Peckling Co. "He is as remarkable in the mental world," Mr. White said on one occasion "as a man eight feet high would be in the physical world," but it is only fair to bear in mind the truth that Mr. White is rather fond of saying things. The old admiration for the makers of phrases stuck to him, and even yet he may not have thrown it off.

W. T. White's career as manager of the National Trust Company might be summarized in the line from the hymn—"from victory unto victory." He made a few mistakes and many a bold stroke. The business grew and his fame spread. He had lived for years in a boarding house on Wilson Crescent. Now he built him a fine house in Queen's Park, and his carpets and table linen were specially woven in the Old Country. His youthful diphthery faded, and its place was taken by a gentle, Christian amity more befitting a man of large affairs. Here and there he dipped into pseudo public service, as on the Hospital Board and as a governor of the University. Once he blazed into wrath in behalf of the Electrical Development Company. Otherwise he said little that found its way into the newspapers.

Less than a year ago, he put his "feet up on the desk," to use his own phrase. He handed over the management of the National Trust Company to another, and became the vice-president of the concern. What his intentions were in so doing is not certain, but his colleagues all had the idea that Mr. White, who had long had an idea about entering politics, was about to seek an opening, and devote himself to public life. Then came the Reciprocity Bill, the revolt of the Noble Eighteen Toronto Liberals, including Mr. White, his choice as the only speaker beside Mr. Borden at the Massey Hall meeting, his speech-making tour, which, it must be confessed did not materially affect the result, the amazing overthrow of the government, the fortnight's bewilderment, and finally the rumour that Mr. White might be taken into the cabinet as minister of finance.

There can be no doubt that before the issuing of the manifesto by the noble

eighteen that there was an understanding with some one that affected Mr. White. He may not have been specifically named in the protocols; if not the understanding must have been that the revolution, in the event of Conservative success, should have the right of naming one cabinet minister. It may be that Mr. White was then named and the portfolio specified, though later events tend to weaken this theory.

This much is sure—until the day of the election, those who had been most closely associated with Mr. White presumed that his ambition was to secure a seat in the new cabinet. When he ceased to be manager of the National Trust Company, it was understood that he intended to devote his time thereafter to politics, as soon as opportunity offered. What was their amazement when it was suggested to him that he should enter the cabinet and he declared that they must be crazy to suggest such a thing. Did they think that he would go down to Ottawa and work for seven or eight thousand dollars a year? He, a man who had earned several times that amount for years past? The idea was simply a preposterous one, and he would not consider it for a moment. Other messages were sent to him. One very big man indeed went to see Mr. White and urged him to go down to Ottawa. The very big man was repulsed almost rudely. He came away rubbing his eyes and scratching his head. Mr. White's intimates admitted one to the other that they did not know what had come over him. He seemed to have been working for this very thing for months, and then when it was within his grasp, he turned his back on it, and was angry with anyone who said he had ever had his eye on it.

Far be it from the writer to say how the offer was finally presented, but it was suggested to Mr. White that if he meant to refuse the portfolio, he should at least do Mr. Borden the courtesy of seeing him in person and explaining himself. So he went to Ottawa, and before he came back it was settled that Mr. White should be the minister of finance. He said to the writer that the week before this decision was made, was the hardest week in his life. Pressure was exerted from all quarters from men high in the regard of the Canadian people, and let there be no mistake about it, this pressure was needed. It was the nearest thing in the last day or so whether Mr. White would go back to the National Trust Company or go to Ottawa.

Having gone to Ottawa, Mr. White will make good if a keen mind, a capacity for hard and sustained application, and an absolutely upright character will bring success. Nobody has any string on the Minister of Finance. If the gentlemen who so busied themselves in getting the post for him and then getting him for the post suppose that they have a claim on him and that they will be able to influence him, let them take a tip from one who has known Mr. White for thirty years. There is nothing doing. He will make his mistakes like other men. The chief of them will be underestimating the intelligence of other men. All the faults that might spring from ruthless ambition may be his. But he is as straight as a string and there will be no "White scandals." No man or no collection of men will be able to coerce him. He wouldn't do a dishonest thing for the sake of all Canada. There was never a colder-blooded, or a more honorable man called to his country's service than William Thomas White, the minister of finance.

New Ideas in Autos

The month of February has witnessed the formal opening of the motor season in Canada, with successful shows in Toronto and Montreal. These have afforded the critics an early opportunity to present their views on the 1912 models. One of the best reviews has appeared in Motoring, from which the detail of this article has been taken.

IT has been said that progress is the law of life: that the moment progression ceases retrogression sets in. Possibly in no other branch of human achievement is this principle more applicable than to the field of invention. Likewise it may be argued that no class of modern invention has been more rapidly developed in recent years than that embracing automobiles and motors. The advent of spring, following the automobile shows which have been held in New York, Montreal and Toronto, offers a timely opportunity for a consideration of new ideas in motors, and one, too, which may be turned to the advantage of Canadians who are contemplating purchases for the ensuing season.

A SUSTAINED DEMAND.

That the demand for automobiles, both in Canada and the United States, is steadily increasing is established conclusively by statistics which have been announced by the government and figures which have been issued by the companies. The amount of duty collected on automobiles entering Canada for the last fiscal year, for instance, was \$1,623,787 as compared with \$688,205 in 1910, and it should be borne in mind that these figures should be supplemented largely by duties paid on materials imported by Canadian automobile manufacturers, such as steel, which is not classified as automobile parts. On the other hand equally startling figures of the American output may be cited. The car

output for 1912 is 250,000 as compared with 210,000 in 1911, the total number of cars in use last year was 677,000, the average price \$1,245, and the cost of upkeep \$677,000,000. With so heavy and sustained a demand it is little wonder that manufacturers are exerting themselves to the limit of their powers in the production of cars which will meet the popular fancy.

FEATURES OF NEW MODELS.

To be perfectly frank, however, there have been few striking innovations in the models of 1912, the most noteworthy being the self-starting devices and electric lighting, but in addition there are developments or improvements embracing long stroke motors, valve motors, complete equipment, easier springs, better body building, better lubrication and centre control. The details of these outstanding features are well set forth in Motoring, and a brief description of each improvement is presented herewith:

SIX-CYLINDER FEATURES.

From the motor point of view, of importance during the year has been the activity among high-priced makers of the six-cylinder group. For a few years many wondered if the six would live. It had its ups and downs. Some of the high-priced car makers took it up in earnest and developed it and made it a success. At the same time a dozen builders of medium-priced cars took it up in a sort of sen-si-

al but half-hearted manner and soon dropped it. The six has had a more or less vacillating career. For 1912 it has made big progress, and many new names have been added to the makers of sixes.

But there has been more activity in the six-cylinder field than merely the task of bringing out new models. There has been development, if we can gauge development by what has been taking place from year to year with the foreign builder.

The size of the six is diminishing on the average, but it has not dropped into the realm of the small car as it has abroad. The foreigner likes the six for its flexibility, and in America the great middle class has not yet come under the magic of it.

THE LONG-STROKE MOTOR.

Next to the six-cylinder trend in motor is the improvement in the four-cylinder type and the trend towards the longer stroke in many of these. The square motor has lost many adherents during the year. In America it is rare to find a motor in which the stroke is more than one-half in excess of the bore, but in Europe such designs are common. The long-stroke motor means a high motor. In Europe, the roads are such that small clearance is needed and so the motor can be carried low without danger of the flywheel striking on the ground, but in America the condition of the roads demands ample clearance. What changes another year will bring forth in this longer stroke time alone can tell.

MOTOR DEVELOPMENT.

The sliding-sleeve motor has arrived in earnest. Four companies have vigorously taken up its manufacture, and a big engine-building company has entered into the manufacture of this type of motor for sale to car-building companies who wish to buy it.

The introduction of the Knight motor, with its two reciprocating sleeves, its quiet operation and its high efficiency, has resulted in a vast amount of research into the non-poppet type of motor. In nearly every city are rumors of sleeve valves, of rotary-sleeve valves, or rotary-disc valves, of reciprocating-piston valves and of rotary-piston valves. Many are in the experimental stages.

SELF-STARTERS.

Close behind the long-stroke-motor trend comes that of the use of self-starters. Nineteen hundred and twelve will go down in automobile history as a self-starter year. The automatic starter has come as an avalanche. Only a few fitted them until suddenly a popular-priced car announced the inclusion of self-starters as stock equipment. That set the pace. Other makers delayed their 1912 announcements until they could include a self-starter in their equipment. The medium-priced makers have taken it up with more avidity than the high-priced makers, but the result is the same. The public has waited long for this device and it is to be hoped that self-starters will be improved and within a twelve-month make a corporate part of every motor.

But motors have been improved in many other ways. Quietness has been a big aim. The introduction of the non-poppet type has made this imperative. Designers have worked long and hard to get rid of the noise. Cams have been re-designed; valve springs have been inclosed; fibre washers have been embedded in the tops of the valve tappets; springs have been inserted to retain the tappet rollers in contact with the cams; some makers have introduced re-shaped levers between the cams and tappet rollers; and others have worked on valve shape and size with the hope of reducing noise. All have had their results. Besides reducing noise many have increased efficiency and the net result has been progress.

CHANGES IN LUBRICATION.

There has not been the widespread alteration in lubrication that characterized the cars of a year ago. The circulation system of oiling led by a big margin a year ago and it has gained followers since then. Perhaps the real trend in motor lubrication to-day is the adoption of the non-splash system by many.

The interconnection of throttle and motor lubricant was one of the features of the Olympia show a few months ago, many of the leading French and German makers in both poppet and non-poppet valve type employing some form of interconnection.

The honors of progress in carburetion for the year are divided. Part belong to

the carburetor makers who build carburetors for all the different car builders; and credit must also be given to the makers of cars who manufacture their own carburetors, but it is difficult to follow any definite line of progress with carburetor builders. They are operating along many different lines and yet all are obtaining satisfactory results.

There is much unrest in the matter of using the single-jet type or the multi-jet type. Much experimenting has been done with the multi-jet with good results and it will, undoubtedly, be more in the public eye during the coming year than it has ever been before. One carburetor feature that has come to the front is that of bypassing gasoline past the nozzle to facilitate starting. In carburetion the old problem of controlling the gasoline remains in a more or less unsettled condition.

IGNITION PROGRESS

The ignition department has progressed. The two-spark magneto is now being fitted as stock in many factories. In this instrument there is a double secondary winding, and a double distributor and two sets of spark plugs in the cylinders. Two sparks are delivered in synchronism. In a T-head motor this gives a very perceptible increase in power. A still more important factor in ignition is the adoption of the automatic spark governor which has been incorporated in the magnetos. Such governors were shown in one or two cases last year, but for this reason they have gained in popularity. By the governor the ignition expert insures a maximum of efficiency.

While the monobloc construction has shown little more than a start in six-cylinder motors, there is no denying the position that it now holds in the four-cylinder field. There are at present over fifty-one different models of four and six-cylinder design in which the cylinders are all formed in a single block. This list includes all of the names of those using this type of construction last year as well as many additions. It is a characteristic fact that concerns that have once adopted this construction have not departed from it.

In connection with block motor casting, it is not as yet a settled fact as to whether it is best to incorporate the intake and ex-

haust manifolds as well as the intake and outlet water pipes with the cylinder castings.

The use of thermo-syphon cooling has not progressed as was anticipated, and it is not making the headway in America that it is on the other side of the Atlantic. There is not a case of its discontinuance by an American maker who has been using this system of water circulation; and on the other hand there are not many cases of its being introduced. By careful estimate but 23 per cent of the different chassis-models listed for this year use this system, 72 per cent continuing with the pump. The air-cooled following constitutes 5 per cent of the total number of listed chassis.

NEW CHASSIS CONSTRUCTION.

In a cursory review of the chassis parts in general not so much activity is noted. It is true there have been refinements all along the line, but they have been more a matter of detail. Brakes have been increased in diameter and often width has been added to the drum. There has been a more general adoption of equalizers in medium-priced automobiles and the equalizers with all of the other brake connections are now carried inside of the side frame members, thereby giving a much cleaner chassis appearance. The use of fabric for friction surfaces continues; in fact, it has gained during the year.

There has been perceptible improvement in the adjustment features. Many have placed the adjustments under the front floorboards; and those who have left them at the rear have brought them into a more accessible position.

The war between multiple-disc and cone clutches continues. Both have lost some adherents and both have gained some during the year. They are now on a par so far as following is concerned.

In the gearset field the selective set has entirely outdistanced all others and has been gaining steadily, although the land-slide during the past 12 months has not been so conspicuous as it was two years ago. The four-speed set has not gained so generally as there were reasons to expect. But three per cent of the chassis made use of the progressive gearset and only two per cent use the planetary set.

Shaft drive controls the entire field, its following being 93 per cent. Half of the chassis types mount the gearset as a separate unit in the centre of the chassis and the other half form it as a unit either with the motor or with the rear axle. These two types of unit construction are to all purposes on an equal footing, the unit type with the motor being a leader by a very slight margin.

DROP FRAME AND CONTROL CHANGES.

When the framework and springs and axles are looked into the coming of the double-drop frame cannot be overlooked. Its progress is slow, but it is certain. There is much difference in how the two drops are positioned. One maker will locate them immediately in front of the back axle so that the only advantage attained is the lowering of the door to the tonneau position. Another maker will have the forward drop at the dash so that he accomplishes a lowering of many of the chassis parts and a consequent lowering of the centre of gravity of the car.

BODY STYLES AND MODELS.

The fore-door body has become absolute. Those concerns who fought against it last year and who decided to bring out 1912 types without the fore-door were compelled to delay the announcement of this year's models until fore-door bodies were arranged for. The use of the fore-door has called for the placing of the brake and change speed levers inside the body. Some makers have tried to do this without widening the body, and they have generally failed.

There has been much change in the matter of control. Placing the steering column on the left side has gained very materially. In nearly every case where the steering pillar is mounted on the left

side the change speed and emergency brake levers are placed in the middle of the floor-board. This is generally an excellent mechanical job; it is cheaper to manufacture than the side position and there is not any interference with the bodies.

In the matter of closed bodies, there has been a strong trend in the limousine direction. Many of the touring cars selling at the \$2,000 mark or under have been fitted with limousine bodies and the price placed around \$3,000.

The one-compartment body has more followers. It is a cross between a limousine and a coupe, and generally has but one door for the front and rear seat, with one of the front seats hinged for entrance and exit and without a partition between the front and rear seats. This is an admirable design for the man who drives his own car. In the medium-priced field there has been particular activity in the colonial coupe line.

EQUIPMENT.

A word on car equipment: As already stated, the self-starter is to-day looked upon more or less as a matter of equipment rather than one of integral design. This will soon change. The use of electric lights has progressed with leaps and bounds. In the early part of last year many concerns new in the field of electric lighting, experienced difficulties. Keeping the battery charged was the big problem, but the pushers of this form of lighting have been specially active. They have solved most of their problems and big advance may be looked for.

Demountable rims are now standard with many makes of cars. A year ago these were optional.

STRIFE

The law of worthy life is fundamentally the law of strife. It is only through labor and painful effort, by grim energy and resolute courage, that we move on to better things.

—Theodore Roosevelt.



THE LIMIT OF STUPIDITY.

She—"I consider, John, that sheep are the stupidest creatures living."
He (shaking his head)—"Yes, my lamb?"

ALWAYS ASKING.

Friend—"What about the rent of a place like this? I suppose the landlord asks a 500 for it?"
His wife—"Yes, father—has always asking for it."

TWO TONGUES NOW.

"Ah, Götter bell downstairs and hit her tongue—
—no, no."
"I feel sorry for her husband. She was a terror when she had only one tongue!"

A DIFFICULT TASK.

Read an English clergyman. "Fetichism is the backbone of the British Empire; and what we have to do in this our task here is to bring it to the front."

THE TEST OF HIS LOVE.

Officer (as they encounter a vicious building)—
"Oh, Lord, you know you said you would test the death for me."
Civil—"But he isn't dead!"

WAS DOUBTING IT.

A stranger, after a session of seventeen hours, remarked, "Brothers, we cannot avoid the conclusion—" "Thank Heaven for that!" remarked a visitor. "For both afraid for the past hour he was going to be."

GOOT THE JOB.

"What a situation an errand-boy, do you? Well, tell me how far for the most in from the curb, eh?" "Bey!" "Well, go on." "I don't know; but I think it isn't close enough to interfere with our running errands." "He got the job."

THE FAIR, YET UNFAIR, DIVORCE.

A wife, after the divorce, said to her husband: "I am willing to let you have the half of the tin."
"Good!" said he, smiling his head. "Upstairs!"
"Yes," she answered, "you may keep him tight!"

SEARCHING AWAY BUSINESS.

In a small Canadian town two men were playing checkers in the back of the store. A traveling man, watching the game and not acquainted with the laws, was much of the citizens, called their attention to customers who had just entered. "Oh, oh!" said the two men, looking at each other. "Keep playing quiet, and they'll go on!"

LOCAL BRUTALITY.

A rather brutal thing was said somewhere on an evening party, shortly after midnight a gentleman was pointed to some very thoughtfully he sat forth the excuse that of the late hour the next-door neighbors might object.
"Oh, never mind the neighbors," said the young lady of the house. "They poisoned our dog last week."

WHERE TO SPANK A CHILD.

A little boy had eaten too much underdone pie for his Christmas supper and was soon roaring loudly.
His mother's visitor was much disturbed.
"If he was my child," she said, "he'd get a good, sound spanking."
"He deserves it," the mother admitted, "but I don't believe in spanking any on a full stomach."
"Neither do I," said the visitor, "I'm sure him now."

ONE FOR THE IRISH.

A lady living in a fashionable quarter had a bit of strategy during the interview. "Kismet." The lady said was during the night the other day when the waiter arrived. "Sure, ma'am, what's the matter 'at the willin' on the bottom of this?" "And the good referring to the inscription on the statue," "Kismet" means fate," replied the waiter. "But you're looking carefully when you will with an excellent set of legs afterwards, and he said, 'What's the matter, Ireland?' " "Fate," was the answer, "I have the most terrible pain on me Kismet."

WAS GOING HOME.

Chief Justice White, of the American Supreme Court, is a Southerner, and knows many negro stories. The following is one of the favorites.
Two Louisiana negroes was working on Mr. White's father's plantation got into a quarrel with a third negro, who carried a pistol. The man with the revolver began to shoot, and the two others ran to cover. When they were out of range, one of them said to the companion:
"Did you hear dat hot bullet?"
"Good I did. I heard it twice."
"What do you mean by dat?" asked the first.
"I heard dat bullet once when it missed me, and den again when I passed it," was the answer.

A CRUSHING ENQUIRY.

Russell Northholme, though now in his 60th year, is still regarded as one of the foremost with in Canada. The latest story being told of him is, in brief, that at a recent dinner, after the ladies had retired, one of the guests began to discover on the work of a Canadian artist. He had pointed him to the point where he had laid in the chair with his hands, looking already there. He was superior to such modern men as Augustus and Cyprian. As he passed to take the effort, Mr. Northholme, with a smile of intense interest, modestly inquired, "Was you, your friend, a Canadian photographer?"

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